THE LIVING AGE

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for August, 1934

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THE GUIDE POST

OUR readers will recall Lieutenant Colonel Reboul as the author of an article on the Soviet army in our December, 1933, issue. This month he discusses Germany's military aviation and concludes that the French should look out for trouble from on high by 1936, which is strictly in line with Ernst Henri's prophecy that Thyssen is driving Germany to war. The decline of Hitler and the rise of the military aristocracy, including the wartime ace, Göring, give his fears additional foundation, as do the excerpts in our 'World Over' department from an article by Wickham Steed on Germany's plans for pouring poison gas and disease bombs on Paris. Finally, it is important to remember that the popular discontent that made the eclipse of the Storm Troopers possible may compel the rulers of Germany to run the risk of war in the next few years, if only to avoid revolution. All of which plays straight into the hands of the French armament makers whose affiliate concern of Skoda in Czechoslovakia has been as silent as Hitler himself in denying the charge that it contributed to his campaign funds.

A JEWISH resident of Palestine writes from Jerusalem pointing out that the Zionists would be well advised to play ball with Ibn Saud and help him create a Greater-Arabia federation. He explains that Ibn Saud is trying to make himself the leader of all Islam and may even attain his aims by default, since no other Mohammedan of equal ability has come forward. England has always understood the importance of Ibn Saud, and, while Colonel Lawrence was helping his rivals during the War, another British agent, H. St. John Philby, saw to it that the present ruler of Arabia remained neutral. Right now, England has several important stakes in that part of the world—the route to India, the oil fields of Mesopotamia, and the Pan-Islam movement, which must be propitiated in order to keep the Moslem minority in India friendly to Britain and hostile to the Hindus.

UNDERSTANDING that they cannot risk war in Europe under any circumstances until trouble breaks out in Asia, the Germans keep a sharp eye on what is happening in that part of the world. Dr. Sigurd Paulsen writes in the *Berliner Tageblatt* on the four-cornered struggle now under way between England, Japan, Russia, and China for control of the enormous province of Sin-Kiang and suggests that Russia may withdraw and China and England join forces to block Japan's scheme to establish a Turkish prince there with the aid of the Mohammedans. Russia and Japan would then both concentrate their attention on Mongolia with results that might not be favorable to world peace.

A BRITISH visitor to China describes in the *New Statesman and Nation* the activities of the now widely publicized 'merchants of death' in that war-torn country. His account of 'Arms and the Chinaman' lacks the imposing statistics and mysterious rumors that other exposures of the bloody traffic have emphasized, but for sheer cynicism it beats anything we have printed on the subject or seen anywhere else.

DISRAELI once said that England consisted of two nations,—the rich and the poor,—and since his time many other writers have embellished on that theme. Mrs. Pallis's radio talk and Professor Frederick Soddy's manifesto on the New Britain Movement set forth this condition as it exists to-day. The radio address was delivered by the wife of an unemployed workingman as part of a series of

(*Continued on page 558*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

NOW THAT the Nazi movement has split wide open after sixteen months in power, even such prophets as Clifford Sharp, whose article, 'Hitler Will Stay,' appeared in our pages exactly one year ago, should understand that every political forecast must take account of two factors—the class alignment within each individual country and the international alignment. Mr. Sharp's assurances that 'Hitler has come to stay for a very long time,' that he is 'easily the ablest leader that Germany has found since the death of Dr. Stresemann—if not since very much longer than that,' and, above all, his emphasis on Hitler's 'psychological effect on the minds of the German people' disregarded the growing distress inside Germany and the growing antagonism of the outer world. One year of Nazi rule brought the German standard of living 30 per cent below the level of 1900 and revived the pre-war alliance between France and Russia. It was disaffection among the Storm Troops that led to the murder of their commander, Ernst Roehm, and it was disaffection among the big industrialists as a result of Hitler's disastrous foreign policy that led them to withdraw their support.

In the light of recent events it would therefore be as great a mistake to foresee a long lease of life for the military dictatorship that is likely to replace the Nazis as it was to foresee a long lease of life for the Nazis themselves a year ago. Wage cuts and suppression of the trade unions

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helped to destroy Hitler's mass support, and any government that has the backing of landowners and industrialists will follow Hitler's example in respect to labor. Not that the time is yet ripe for a general strike—much less a Communist revolution. But the speedy radicalization of Hitler's private army suggests that continued hard times may in a year or two neutralize the Reichswehr, which has now become the keystone of the State.

Before the Reichswehr weakens, however, changes in the international situation are likely to alter the domestic situation beyond recognition. At present the conservative Powers—France, Russia, and the Little Entente, which want to preserve peace and the *status quo*—have enough strength to prevent war in Europe. And Barthou's visit to London suggests that England will support the conservative side, too. Peace in Europe would therefore appear secure. But peace in the East is another story. A Russo-Japanese war would at once weaken the conservative bloc in the West and create the very situation in which Lieutenant Colonel Reboul's prophecies of a German air attack on France during 1936 could be fulfilled.

THESE ALARMING PROPHECIES have, incidentally, the endorsement of a former editor of the London *Times*, Wickham Steed, who has contributed an article to *The Nineteenth Century and After* based on a series of documents that reached him 'through various non-Jewish German channels' and that originated in a secret department of the German War Office, known as the *Luft-Gas-Angriff* or 'Air-Gas Attack.' One of them, dated July, 1932, reads:—

> The gigantic French fortifications on our western frontier make attack by infantry seem quite, and artillery attack almost, hopeless. Consequently there remains only the most intensive development and extension of the air weapon, in order that air warfare may be waged effectively and ruthlessly against important military and industrial centres and, above all, against the civilian population of large cities.

The Germans therefore tested the possibility of 'raining down liquids containing chemicals or bacteria' on the cities of England and France. Expert 'Number IX' actually experimented in the subway stations of Paris with such success that his home office declared 'the scheme for the infection of large cities like London or Paris by distributing separate deposits of yellow cross (mustard gas) or bacilli in the system of the underground railways ought, in the main, to be practicable.' Here is the way one such experiment was described:—

> Point of measurement Chamber of Deputies station, 500 metres south of obelisk (on Place de la Concorde). Measurement inside the station. A flat wave of air pressure was observed. Opposite the entry is a very suitable place. Four series of

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three plates each, with a warm current of air, normal pressure, direction of wind toward the obelisk. 1,124,781 colonies [*i.e.*, of bacilli] grew because the point is so near to the obelisk. *IX* is right! Strength of wind was 12 —, according to Beaufort scale, and 9.69 metres per second on anemograph. This inside result is annihilating!

Incidentally, these experiments began in 1932 when von Papen, not Hitler, was Reichs Chancellor.

PROFESSOR GUSTAV CASSEL, the foremost living authority on money, has gone on record as prophesying that the German mark will be reduced to two-thirds of its present value. He expresses horror that 'a great and wealthy country' should 'refuse to fulfill its private engagements to foreign countries'—he says nothing about public debts—and points out that prices in Germany now amount to almost twice as much as prices in England, the reason being that the authorities have actually put a kind of concealed inflation into effect although the mark has remained technically on the gold standard. Professor Cassel then makes this prophesy:—

For Germany there is no other way out of the present muddle than to reduce the gold parity of the Reichsmark, say, to two-thirds. This would end the present overvaluation of the mark. German export industries would recover normal power of competition on the world market. The home market would acquire a certain protection against superfluous imports without any artificial currency restrictions, and it would not be long before Germany could resume the payment of interest, at least on her foreign debts. Sooner or later Germany will be forced to a reduction of the gold parity of the mark, and any unnecessary delay can only still more disturb Germany's economic life and destroy her export markets—and perhaps do her more permanent damage than the present authorities seem to realize.

He adds that Germany can pay its foreign debts and that France and England have a moral obligation to demand full settlement of the Dawes and Young Plan bonds.

ENGLAND'S DOMESTIC REVIVAL, which has reduced unemployment from nearly 3 millions in 1931 to 2 millions to-day, suffered its first setback at the end of June when the number of jobless increased 24,000. Japanese dumping, American tariffs, and the modernized industrial plants of other countries have destroyed Britain's trade supremacy, possibly for all time, and created a permanent domestic crisis that accounts for Viscount Snowden's recent prophecies of a British revolution. On the one hand, the well-to-do classes have been prospering under the National Government—witness this outburst by the Marquess of Donegall in the *Sunday Dispatch* of London:—

Everywhere you go in the capitals of Europe people say: 'Tell us about London. We hear that Paris after the War and Vienna before the War were nothing in

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brilliance compared with London to-day. If it is so, we must go there.' And, believe me, in spite of dear old Dora, it is so. To take first the side of private entertainment, there is nowhere else in the world at the moment where it would be possible to collect so distinguished a crowd, both home-bred and foreign, as motored down to Lord Camrose's house near Ascot last Tuesday for his dance. Illuminated garden, ceaseless champagne, Ambrose's band. And every night there are two or three functions, perhaps not quite on the same scale, but better than anything that can be found abroad. It is almost a mystery from whence enough people spring to fill all these functions to capacity, not to mention the night restaurants of Café de Paris, Monseigneur, Quaglino type. For they are all packed every night, as are also the big hotels.

On the other hand, the University of Liverpool has been conducting an impartial scientific investigation of the working-class districts in that part of the country. The findings showed that less than one-third of the working-class houses in Liverpool have baths, that one family in four earns less than 45 shillings ($11.25 a week), and that one family in six cannot buy milk. Nearly half the families receive less than enough income to provide what trained social workers have defined as 'the bare essentials of civilized life.'

SUCH CONTRASTS between wealth and poverty go far to account for the commotion that Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist movement has been causing. Even the London *Observer*, which has more than once served as a vehicle for government propaganda, has declared: 'If during the next few years Parliament has to shut up shop for a short time, a temporary dictator will act in the King's name with the King's forces.' The *Observer* itself does not fancy Mosley as a dictator, but the more conservative *Saturday Review* not only praises Mosley but complains that his meetings have been grossly misrepresented in the press. A contributor who signed himself 'Kim' describes the recent meeting at Olympia, from which numerous hecklers were ejected, as follows:—

If the Red hooligans had been unfairly treated in the opinion of a decent British audience, would they have loudly applauded each ejection? Mr. Gerald Barry, who stated that he was not a Blackshirt—no one who knows of him would ever accuse him of sympathy with the Fascist policy—told a piteous tale of the brutality of the stewards. He saw a man kicked and violently handled by eight or ten Blackshirts. He does not know if razor blades or other weapons were carried. We do. The Fascists captured an assortment of highly dangerous weapons, including a stocking filled with broken glass. But, to dispose of all the silly and one-sided statements as issued by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd (Mr. Baldwin's Parliamentary private secretary), Mr. Anstruther-Gray, Mr. Vyvyan Adams (all M.P.'s), the cold fact remains that at the first-aid posts, under the orders of a Harley Street surgeon, 120 people were hurt, of whom 90 were Blackshirts. Several Blackshirts were taken to hospital suffering from severe abdominal injuries, but not one single Communist. Several Reds have been sent to jail for violence and threatening conduct, and not one single Blackshirt.

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The same contributor then urges the present National Government to be warned by this experience:—

> If they are able to offer the public only the alternative of the suppression of free speech and the effort to persecute the Mosley movement to the great pro-British policy of a strong and powerful Empire, run on pro-British lines, developing the motherland and the Empire for the benefit of our own stock and not for the international financiers, they are signing their death warrant as a political force. I have said before, and say again, that the present Conservative Party is wanting. It has become a sham and a hoax under its present leaders and much of its rank and file in Parliament. It had better set its house in order.

TO JUDGE from comments in the *Temps* the conduct in office of Foreign Minister Barthou has more than satisfied the Comité des Forges, which has controlled that paper since 1931. On his visit to Bucharest M. Barthou said to the Rumanian parliament: 'Having served as messenger from France to Rumania, I shall to-morrow serve as ambassador from Rumania to France.' This encouraged Titulescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, to proclaim: 'In the name of the Rumanian nation I proclaim in your presence and in the eyes of the world that if anyone ever imagines he can demand a square metre of the national territory we now possess, the invariable reply of the Rumanians would be "No, no, never!"' M. Barthou then went him one better and declared: 'Know that if a square centimetre of your territory is touched, France will be on your side.' In Belgrade Barthou and the Yugoslav Government also exchanged something more than compliments. 'My country knows its duties,' declared the French Foreign Minister. 'It will fulfill them. Yugoslavia is impeccable in the faithfulness it has shown to our friendship and our alliance.' The *Temps* then proceeded to re-define French policy in Europe in the light of M. Barthou's successive visits to Warsaw, Prague, Bucharest, and Belgrade:—

> This policy does not tend to establish hegemony. It does not arise from any egotistical preoccupation. Its inspiration is frankly European. It has no other tendency than to establish that equality in solidarity that M. Louis Barthou so happily defined in his speech at Bucharest and without which no fruitful international coöperation is possible. At no point in the great struggle that has occurred at Geneva and elsewhere in recent years has France been isolated. Franco-British collaboration has withstood every fluctuation, and they were often sharp ones. Franco-Italian friendship has been reaffirmed. Never has France sacrificed her agreements and alliances with the nations of Central and Eastern Europe for new friendships. She has always reconciled fidelity to her allies with the desire to spread confident collaboration throughout all the Powers in Europe.

The British press greeted M. Barthou's excursion with mixed emotions. The London *Times*, on the whole, approved:—

> Barthou is a frank exponent of the old diplomacy. He admitted the other day that he was not conversant with the ways of Geneva, and he is now deliberately

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engaged in consolidating the existing alliances of France. Most of the political alliances are supplemented by military agreements, and there seems little doubt that there has been a movement in Paris, of which M. Herriot was the pioneer, to extend those agreements to include Soviet Russia. It was much commented upon that during the last meeting of the Disarmament Conference General Gamelin, the chief of the French General Staff, spent a fortnight at Geneva, though his work did not seem to be connected with the predominantly political negotiations as to procedure that occupied most of the time. Our Paris correspondent in a recent message described French policy as being directed to coördinate peace by a series of regional pacts stretching right across Europe. M. Barthou has in fact clearly accepted the Litvinov suggestion that security should come before disarmament, and he is devoting his great talent and energy to reëstablishing France in her position as defender of the *status quo*.

The *Spectator*, on the other hand, criticized the new European policy of France and expressed a latent sympathy for the Germany of Hitler, which seems a little ill-judged in the light of subsequent events:—

Amid much that is obscure at Geneva it is clear that under France's leadership a new (or, in reality, a very old) and dangerous European policy is being elaborated. The pre-war alliance between France and Tsarist Russia is being revived in the form of an understanding between France and Soviet Russia, with which the three Little Entente Powers are to be associated for the purpose of maintaining the *status quo* in Europe. Its effect will be once more to give Germany the impression of deliberate encirclement, even though Great Britain, Italy, and Poland all hold aloof for different reasons from the new grouping. France is shaping her policy almost openly on the assumption that the Hitler régime in Germany is tottering and that an economic crisis in the autumn may bring it down. That is little more than speculation, and even if events do so fall out it is far from certain that the world will be the better for it. Desperation does not always produce reasonableness, though it will no doubt satisfy France in this case if it produces weakness.

Although most Conservative organs in England have shown sympathy toward Germany because of their fear of France, their hostility to Russia runs much deeper—witness these reflections by the editor of the Tory *Saturday Review*:—

Europe is now led by Litvinov, who is trying to persuade the Powers of Central Europe that Russia is the ally of the future. This is very clever diplomacy, though I can hardly believe that either the French or the Germans will yield themselves to the lures of Litvinov. The most useful part that Russia could play in the world's history to-day is that Japan should engage her in a war. I fail to perceive how Russia can be useful to any European power as an ally. We seem to be making the same mistake as was made in 1904 and 1914, that, namely, of exaggerating the power of Russia from a military or naval point of view. Twice has Russia imposed upon the world by mere numbers the belief that she is the key to the peace and balance of power in Europe, and twice has Europe been disappointed.

TWO GERMAN SOURCES that would be disposed to give Fascism in any country something more than an even break have published information showing that Mussolini is in a bad way financially. Since 1926

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the national debt has increased steadily, according to *Wirtschaft und Statistik*, and since 1930 revenue has declined while government expenditures have risen. Between 1926 and 1932 expenditures on armaments rose from 40 per cent to 51 per cent of the total government outlay, and expenditures on public works, agriculture, and shipping have trebled and quadrupled. Dr. Johannes P. Freden, writing from Rome for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, provides more figures of a similar character. The deficit for the fiscal year that ended this June came to 4 billion lire, and it is estimated at 3 billion for next year. The tax rate on farm property has increased fivefold since 1914, and Mussolini has stated that the State is carrying three-fourths of all the business that is being done in Italy. Imports dropped from 22 billion lire in 1929 to 7 billion for 1933, exports from 15 billion to 6 billion. Dr. Freden concludes his dispatch with the question: 'Is humanity really on the verge of a new epoch with a much lower standard of living? Mussolini believes that people who live in such a way possess far more heroism and asceticism than we do. But perhaps a very different kind of heroism will have to be shown. In any case, such a development will depend on political decisions to be made in the near future.'

ONE of the most revolutionary accomplishments of the Soviet Union is the construction of the White Sea Canal connecting the Baltic and the White Sea. Heretofore Russia had two water routes leading to Europe,—one via the Black Sea, the other via the Baltic,—and both could be blockaded. Now, however, Leningrad can no longer be shut off from the outer world by a blockade of the Baltic, for ships of commerce or war can make their way northward by the new canal to the White Sea and sail around Sweden and Norway. Not only will Leningrad become more important, but a district rich in phosphates, iron ore, and lumber will be able to ship its products far more economically than ever before.

THE TOKYO CORRESPONDENT of the *North China Daily Herald* of Shanghai insists that all danger of war between Russia and Japan has now passed. He finds the surest guarantees of peace in the statements of Blücher, Stalin, Voroshilov, and other Soviet leaders who have called attention to the imminence of war and to their country's ability to meet the danger. Here is the way this correspondent interprets Japanese opinion on this score:—

> It is the opinion of Japanese experts on Russia that the Soviets, having this winter sized up the situation and being convinced that Japan had no intention whatever of fighting unless attacked, utilized this opportunity for propaganda purposes, internally as well as externally. Such propaganda took the form of fiery speeches attributing some of the shortcomings of the first Five-year Plan to the

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need of hastening the building of armaments and bracing up the flagging spirits of the Russian people, who the Japanese feel must have been disgusted at the weakness and passive attitude of their leaders during the time Japan was separating Manchukuo from China and insulting the U. S. S. R. Japanese officials declare that, if the Russians mean war, shouting is the last thing they will do.

The same correspondent also finds that the Japanese people have undergone a change of heart:—

In Japan, with the passage of the war budget and the gradual dissipation of the war atmosphere, there has been a remarkable sobering up among the people. It is held by most responsible civilians that the reaction against the era of practical military dictatorship in this country has already set in and that, even if the militarists endeavored, for no other reason than to lift their stock again, to stir up a Soviet-Japanese war scare, there would be little response.

From other sources we also gather that the business of subduing Manchukuo still requires all the military energies that Japan possesses.

ON RETURNING from his visit to Japan as head of a trade mission, Australia's Minister of External Affairs, J. G. Latham, issued a statement expressing satisfaction at the results of his trip. Ignoring the fact that his country's birth rate has been cut in two since the turn of the century Mr. Latham went to particular pains to justify a white Australia:—

Many people in various parts of the world believe that Australia is a country of vast resources that the people of Australia are not using or developing. I hope that one of the results of my visit will be to dispel this idea so far as Japan is concerned. I have been able to tell the people of Japan that, so far from Australia's not increasing her population, the facts are that the population of the continent has nearly doubled in the present century. The agricultural land that has any certain rainfall is all occupied. Indeed, one of our difficulties is to find a market for our agricultural produce, and many experienced people are asking whether we have not pushed agriculture too far when we try to grow wheat on a rainfall of nine inches or less per annum. The people of Australia are developing and using the resources of the continent in a most effective manner.

In his conversations with Foreign Minister Hirota, Mr. Latham also tried to reassure the Japanese about the British naval base at Singapore, but shortly after he left the country the *Hochi* of Tokyo prophesied that the Singapore base would complicate the naval conference of 1936:—

As a result of this disturbance in the balance of power, Japan at the naval conference will demand the withdrawal of the Singapore naval base or the reduction of its size. As reasons for this demand Japan will cite, first, that the location of the Singapore base is geographically a threat to both Japan and the United States and is likely to cause uneasiness to both nations, ultimately obliging Japan to consider an increase of its defenses, contrary to the spirit of disarmament. Secondly, it will be stated that the Singapore naval base, being situated only 5 degrees west of the

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meridian of 110 degrees east longitude, which marks the boundary for the defense zones in the Pacific as agreed upon at the previous conference, is actually a violation of the spirit of the Washington Conference and constitutes an obstacle to disarmament and thus indirectly to world peace. Thirdly, it will be asserted that the existing fortifications at Hong-Kong are sufficient for the protection by Great Britain of its sea routes in the Far East. Should the British Government refuse to comply with this demand, Japan will propose as an alternative measure that the base be included in the zone of defenses fixed by the Washington Conference and that its scale be reduced to comply with the stipulations of the conference. In the event of both demands being rejected, Japan must insist on revision of the naval ratio, because Japan cannot depend upon her defenses under the existing 5-5-3 ratio owing to the existence of a threat from two directions—the United States base at Pearl Harbor and the British base at Singapore.

We thus see Japan showing equal antagonism to the United States and to England while Australia, which sells more goods to Japan than it buys there, tries to pacify a good customer and at the same time serve its own interests and those of the mother country.

DR. H. H. KUNG, Minister of Finance in the Nanking Government, made a speech before a select audience calling attention to the unbearable tax burden that is bankrupting the farmers of China. Whereas taxes on land in Europe have generally declined for the past hundred years, they have increased in China, especially since 1930, and now amount to about 2½ per cent of the value of the land—an important item to the average Chinese farmer who receives an income of $42 a year and has to spend about $52. But the land 'surtax' has created much more distress, amounting in many districts to twenty-five times as much as the land tax proper. Another device that has ruined numerous farmers is the custom of collecting taxes in advance. The province of Sze-chwan, for instance, collects taxes as much as forty years in advance, Fukien twelve years, Shansi seven years, Honan five years, and many others one year. Finally, China has a 'tax-farming system' as well as a farm-taxing system, and tax collectors are permitted to gather as many extra taxes as they please provided they undertake to hand over a fixed sum to the Government. Most serious of all, this burden falls chiefly upon the poorest peasants who can least afford to bear it. Dr. Kung has therefore recommended readjustment of the land tax, reform of the collection system, abolition of special taxes, and reorganization of local budgets. The demand has also been raised for direct taxes on the rich and more tariffs for revenue.

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A French military expert shows how Germany is working for supremacy in the air and suggests that war will come in 1936 either with Hitler or without.

Germany's Air Armaments

By LIEUTENANT COLONEL REBOUL

Translated from *La Science et la Vie*
Paris Scientific and Military Monthly

[*For almost two and a half years disarmament conferences have been multiplying in Europe, but never has the subject of rearmament been so widely discussed. Germany no longer makes any secret of the fact that she is increasing her war materials and adding to her peacetime troops. She openly devotes most of her efforts to aviation. How many airplanes that can be used in time of war does she already possess? What are the possibilities for this year or the next? In case of war what use will she make of her aviation?*—EDITOR, '*La Science et la Vie.*']

IT IS not difficult to answer the questions stated above. Technical publications across the Rhine provide us with information. Germany will manœuvre from the start to gain mastery of the air and makes no mystery of it. German theorists admire the Italian general who first proclaimed, 'Whoever is master of the air is sure to gain the victory.' To the Germans this is sound doctrine. 'The future,' they say, 'will prove him to be correct. He will be revealed as the champion of progress in opposition to France, which clings to the conceptions of 1918 and remains essentially backward.'

By what means will the Germans gain superiority in the air? Let us consult the elaborate studies made by one of the best specialists in this field, former Captain Ritter, and likewise an imaginative work entitled *The Air War of 1936, the Destruction of Paris*, by an author who had recourse to a pseudonym in order to conceal his identity as a man well posted on aëronautical questions and also well informed concerning the parts of our country that might interest enemy bombarders.

Former Captain Ritter begins by

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asking the question: 'Will the air force be self-sufficient or not?' In other words, 'Will aviators be able to wage war without having to consider their army and their navy, or must they act in common with these other services? Above all, will it be necessary to remain in constant contact with them, or will it be possible for airplanes to act independently?'

II

To justify his reply Ritter classifies the principal objectives for any bombardment and distinguishes between those that can be bombarded independently and those that require the aid of the army and navy. The former he refers to as objectives of independent aviation, and these objectives are the most important, including as they do industrial plants and big railway stations. The others are objectives of auxiliary aviation and comprise villages occupied by troops, small stations, marching columns of men, and bridges.

After studying the chances of attacking and destroying these different objectives, he summarizes as follows: 'Bombardment by air will yield good results only by attacking the objectives open to an independent air force, in other words, those centres that the adversary counts on in order to maintain life, however remote the line of battle may be.' He then concludes: 'With relatively small equipment an air force can destroy the heavy industry as well as the vital points of the enemy's economic and social life.' To attain this end he requires a fleet of between 200 and 300 big bombing planes capable of carrying 17 tons of ammunition to attack important points and a fleet of equal size consisting of smaller planes to attack lesser objectives. Let us remember these figures.

The author of *The Air War of 1936* imagines that war breaks out between France and England during that year. The latter country possesses a fleet of 300 big bombers capable of carrying 18 tons of ammunition. They are armed with two or three small cannons each and numerous machine guns. In France, on the other hand, 'the rivalry between various ministers has not permitted the construction of a homogeneous fleet.' The commander of the British air force gives orders to attack Paris the moment war is declared 'in order to break the will to war in France, scattering this attack as far as possible inside the enemy territory, destroying armament factories, aviation bases, terrifying the inhabitants without consideration of possible French attacks on London and British territory.'

The British air force achieves its purpose thanks to the wide range it can cover. Equipped with precise instruments, it is able to navigate in any kind of weather, and each plane keeps its exact distance from the other planes. Their machine guns and automatic cannon, operated by numerous specialists, fire effectively in every direction. They can also repulse the attacks of our speedier, more flexible pursuit planes, which are manned by a single pilot who does everything—running his plane, firing his machine guns, maintaining his position in the attack formation, all of which is too much for one man.

After the British air force has won mastery of the air, it intervenes in every engagement. Its giant airplanes

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guided by scouting squadrons attack our fleet, and the British navy emerges victorious thanks to its armed cruisers. These same airplanes halt and decimate the soldiers that we have landed on the British coast where they were about to overwhelm the British army. Seventy huge airplanes 100 or 200 yards apart drop 1,400 bombs, weighing 25 kilograms each, on our troops, which they also attack with cannon and machine guns. The brutal and immediate action of the British air fleet forces the French Government to sue for peace.

Never mind the story. The novel and Captain Ritter's own researches come to the same conclusions. 'Victory will belong to the power whose air force will gain mastery of the air as promptly as possible and will profit from this mastery to launch subsequent attacks on the principal objectives in enemy territory.' This necessitates numerous squadrons capable of defending themselves effectively against any attack and able to penetrate far into the enemy country and destroy its vital centres. In the light of this novel and Captain Ritter's researches, Germany should develop its offensive aviation to the maximum by building planes that can carry heavy burdens, formidably armed and with a wide range of action. Both the documents I quoted fix the number of these air giants at three hundred and demand the same number of less powerful planes.

Now it is a most extraordinary fact that these are precisely the types of bomber, and even the number of airplanes, that the German Government has just ordered and that are to be delivered by the end of 1935. Is not this proof that it accepts the theory that I have just outlined and that it wants to possess the means of winning the objectives in question?

III

After the Versailles Peace Treaty Germany was not allowed to possess any military aviation. The Paris agreements of May, 1926, permitted civil aviation only and took the precaution of forbidding any subsidies to sporting associations. This, however, has not prevented Germany from possessing at the present time numerous airplanes capable of military service and a sufficient number of trained pilots. How was the country able to evade these restrictions? It began by building a type of airplane that could serve either military or commercial purposes. Nothing so closely resembles a bombing plane as a freight plane, and nothing resembles a scout plane so much as a passenger plane. Only a few details need to be altered. In their factories the Germans first investigated the technical details of these planes, and then they perfected the changes that had to be introduced to transform them into military planes in foreign factories. At first they had to conceal the close connections between the parent companies and their branches, but this period did not last long. As soon as our control commissions left Berlin they were free, and to-day they have abandoned any attempt at mystery. The same airplane is represented in their catalogues by two different designations, depending on whether or not it is to be used for military purposes.

Junkers, for instance, has installed an affiliate known as the Flygindustri

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in Sweden. Their airplanes in Swedish territory all have a number that begins with the letter K, since K stands for *Krieg*, meaning war. These planes never appear in Germany, perhaps out of deference to the Allies. Below I have listed the different names given in Germany and abroad to the same plane. Postal airplane A-20 in Germany corresponds to scouting plane K-35 in Sweden, mail plane F-13 to scouting plane K-43, transport plane G-24 to the tri-motored combat plane K-30, transport plane J-48 to pursuit plane K-47. These instances could be multiplied. The planes would become identical if the same armament were installed in the German models, and that is just what the Reich has in mind. It will do it on the first day of mobilization, if indeed it waits until then. In short, all these planes are built in such a way that they can easily be transformed.

IV

Until recently Germany ingeniously added to the number of these planes but masked the aid that the Government had given by the most extraordinary manœuvres. Thus, in July, 1932, the Lufthansa presented the Air Association of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the port of Stettin with two Dornier Super-wals costing several million francs on the pretext that they were difficult to sell and merely asked that they be used as a floating exposition. What generosity. In the Berlin aviation show of 1932 Haller Brothers of Munich admitted in their prospectus that, 'actually, every German purchaser will receive from the Reich a subsidy equal to a third of the normal selling price.' A few hours earlier, just as the show was opening, the president of the company recommended the rapid development of aviation for sport in Germany in spite of the provisions of the peace treaty. The results of this lavish policy have not dissatisfied the men responsible for it. On the first of January of this year it was admitted that within a few days, three or four at the most, Germany could have at its disposal 650 airplanes for military purposes in the following categories: 80 big bombing planes, 180 medium-sized bombing planes, 250 observation planes, 100 scout planes, 75 pursuit planes, and 100 more about to come out of the factories.

This fleet represents a serious force. It cannot, however, satisfy a country that never does anything by halves, that always dreams in colossal terms, and that wants above all to deliver a terrific blow. Its squadrons would lack homogeneousness. Its bombing planes could not operate over a large enough area, and therefore the following planes have been ordered to be delivered by the end of 1935 at the latest: 300 Ju-52, planes suited for daytime bombing, 300 Do-X-1 or Do-X-2, planes for night bombing, 1,600 Pratt and Whitney Hornet motors of 600 horse power. The order is a big one. It amounts to several million francs at the very least.

The Ju-52, which carries three motors developing 1,800 horse power, will become the Ju-52-K. It can transport three tons of ammunition and can fly for six hours. Its maximum speed is 230 kilometres an hour, its cruising speed between 200 and 210. The Do-X-1 can carry 15 or 16 tons of explosives and has a cruising speed of 180 kilometres an hour. All these

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planes are formidably armed, the Ju-52 with 4 machine guns and a 20-millimetre cannon, the Do-X with 10 machine guns and two 37-millimetre cannon. The 1,600 Pratt and Whitney motors are to be used in the Junkers K-45 or K-47, the former, according to the catalogue, being serviceable for the following purposes: during a night bombardment they can drop 450 kilograms of bombs on an objective 500 kilometres away; during a day bombardment they can drop 250 kilograms of bombs over the same distance. They can fly to a height of 21,000 feet and cover a range of 770 kilometres if used for observation only. For long flights their range of action can be extended to 1,350 kilometres by the addition of special reserve tanks. The Junkers K-47 fly as fast and as high as the K-45 but can carry more. They perform the same duties and are also able to carry a few soldiers.

V

Can the Hitler Government, which claims to be so eager to prove its friendly intentions, deny that these orders have been given? Can it deny that planes for daytime bombing have been ordered from Junkers, at Dessau, from the A. T. G. at Leipzig, from Heutschel at Berlin and from Blom and Voss at Bremen? Are not night bombing planes being built by Dornier in Wismar and by Blom and Voss in Bremen? Is n't the B. M. W. of Munich building Pratt and Whitney Hornet motors? Would the German Government also be able to explain to us why it has set the figures at 300 big and little bombing planes, which are exactly the figures recommended by specialists who have studied the problem of a sudden air attack against France?

It is an easier and quicker process to make airplane equipment than to train people to pilot planes. The German high command realizes this and ever since the peace treaty was signed has made a point of keeping its war aviators organized and trained. It did this by creating provincial and local associations all over the country affiliated in the so-called Luftflottenverein—the German air league. Many of these groups with more or less improvised flying fields kept the airplanes that the Reichswehr had provided and trained pilots and observers in them.

This constitutes a violation of the Versailles Peace Treaty, notably Article 160, which provides that within two months after the treaty went into effect the aviation personnel that controlled the army and the fleet must be demobilized, and Article 177, which states that veteran societies must not participate in any military affair. Above all, they are forbidden to instruct or train their members in the use of military equipment. To conceal these infractions the Reich established numerous air-transport companies, and in this way such concerns as the Lloyd-Ostflug, Lloyd-Sablating, and the Deruluft came into being and provided regular service between Moscow and Berlin. At first all these companies vegetated. They got nowhere. They were created only to justify maintaining training centres for former military aviators.

This first achievement did not satisfy Germany. A new group of pilots had to be trained. A private body therefore undertook this task, the Deutscher Luftfahr Verband, which

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corresponds to our Aéro-Club, and includes in its dozen regional groups nearly 100,000 members, who took up the task that the Government itself could not accomplish. It established schools and received large subsidies from the Reich, which were carefully concealed. It even made itself responsible for the expenses of any accidents. In this connection it is worth recalling that the Reich made an agreement with the United Insurance Company to insure every aviator for 10,800 francs at an expense of 30 francs a month. In case of partial injury the victim receives two-thirds of the total sum, and, if he dies, his family immediately receives 7,200 francs and his heirs get handsome payments as well.

The instruction of pilots in Germany falls into three phases. Young people who want to undertake aviation for sport begin by flying gliders. Thus they acquire a feeling for the air. They get used to the reflexes that they will need when they are flying more rapid planes. Ten of these schools turn out between eight and ten thousand pupils a year. Those who have given satisfaction in this first test then receive lessons in piloting planes with motors. This apprenticeship is provided by the Deutscher Luftfahr, which is the official school of the Deutscher Luftfahr Verband, and has three big centres in Berlin, Boblingen, and Würzburg. This same instruction is also provided in certain private schools that are now placed under the control and supervision of the Deutscher Luftfahr Verband, which has undertaken intense propaganda to recruit pilots.

When the pilots have passed their examinations in the first degree school, they enter a more difficult competition to become pilots of commercial lines. For these jobs they take courses offered by the Deutsche Verkehrsfliegersschule —the German school of air communication, with headquarters in Brunswick and branches in Warnemünde, Schleissheim, and List.

VI

In addition to the civilian pilots, who are also trained for military purposes, the Reichswehr has pilots of its own. The Paris agreements authorized it to train six of its members a year beginning January 1, 1926, provided that their number never exceeded thirty-six. By virtue of the same agreement thirty-six of its pilots previous to February, 1926, can continue their training. The Reich has also sixty pilots connected with the police.

Since Hitler came into power the Nazis have been encouraging the development of aviation as a sport. In June, 1932, they created squadrons in the Party. A month later they founded the National Flugsportverein—the national air-sport association—'to permit every young German who is a good patriot to receive serious aviation training.' Thanks to these measures and propaganda Germany now has 4,000 pilots. So that they can all accomplish their assignments without a hitch during the first hours of war they must continue their training incessantly. The question of forming and maintaining reserve aviation squadrons therefore plays an equally important part in Germany and France. Private organizations, especially the Deutscher Luftfahr Verband, have charge of these matters,

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and the former president of that association frankly confesses: 'The creation of tourist squadrons is extremely interesting. They enable army pilots to continue their training.' The German Government provides the necessary equipment.

VII

The Reich has taken measures to enable its various air services to function in case of war. Thus, to hasten the mobilization of air units it has created within each Wehrkreis (army corps and sub-division region) automobile detachments that are connected not only with the attack planes but with all the squadrons in the territory. They have the complete list of pilots and mechanics that are required.

To develop capable aviation mechanics, the mechanics in the automobile detachments are periodically sent to a technical army school, supposedly to receive instruction for some civilian job. Actually, however, they go to Lufthansa or Junkers to perfect their knowledge of airplane motors. They remain for six months, after which they return to their units as officers in the Reichswehr, whereupon they disappear from the army for a year only to return again. During this lapse of time they have taken courses in a school for pilots, often abroad.

Thanks to all these measures the Reich already possesses enough trained pilots to bring its formidable air fleet into battle. With this fleet it counts on attacking the vital centres of the enemy the moment war is declared, assuming that the enemy does not attack first. Here is a danger that must be recognized and against which we must take precautions.

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Here are three articles that span the continent of Asia. A Jewish resident of Jerusalem writes approvingly of Ibn Saud, a German scholar describes the fight for Sin-Kiang, and an Englishman interviews a merchant of death in China.

ASIATIC Miscellany

An Oriental Symposium

I. Ibn Saud and Zionism

By M. Y. Ben-Gavriel

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

THE European press has given sketchy and incomplete reports of recent events in Arabia, misleading to the reader. For instance, a contributor to the *Neue Weltbühne* of Prague oversimplified what has been happening. Seen through the spectacles of historical materialism more or less everything that goes on in the East to-day can be reduced to the simple formula of a conflict between various World Powers for markets and petroleum. But anyone who wants to go beyond a merely negative schematization must also try to discover the powers at work in the background.

One should not, therefore, regard Ibn Saud merely as an 'oriental Hitler,' and it is incorrect to call the former Viennese journalist, Leopold Weiss, now known as Mohammed Assadullah, the intimate adviser of the king of the Hedjaz. For Ibn Saud, or, to give him his full name, *'Abd ul 'azîz ibn 'abd ur-rahmân ibn faisal es-assa'ûd*, is one of the most fascinating characters in Arabia and certainly a man of outstanding greatness regardless of what opinion one may have of him. As for Mr. Weiss, I am informed that Ibn Saud's closest adviser is Sir Abdallah Philby (St. John Philby), England's emissary to him during the World War. Philby rep-

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resents the Anglo-Indian element in Downing Street; he is also correspondent for the London *Times*, agent for automobile imports to the Hedjaz, and a very important geographer. Weiss, on the other hand, who once served as correspondent for the *Frankfurter-Zeitung* in Kabul, has recently been confined to Medina. When he tried to enter Palestine, the high commissioner refused to give him a visa, which does not indicate that he is on terms of the closest intimacy with England's allies.

II

But this, as I have said, is merely by the way. I attach much more importance to Ibn Saud's unremitting desire to become caliph and to his dreams for Pan-Islam. Would n't anyone be considered crazy who said that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the head of the Church of England, wanted to be Pope in Rome? Ibn Saud as caliph would be just as great an anomaly. But Ibn Saud is not only king of the Hedjaz, sultan of the Nejd, and ruler of Asir, he is also the religious leader of a puritanical sect, which has remained faithful to Abdel Wahab's teachings and bitterly opposes the Hadith and everything not contained in the Koran.

This conflict runs so deep that the first Wahabi uprising destroyed the holy graves of the Shiites at Kerbela in 1801, and it required financial as well as other efforts on the part of England to prevent the Wahabis from doing the same thing to the holy property at the very centre of Islam when they entered Mecca in October, 1924. A Wahabi caliph is therefore meaningless. It is equally meaningless to make the followers of Ibn Saud the standard-bearers of the Pan-Islam movement, which collapsed so completely under Abdul Hamid during the World War until the Pan-Arabian idea began to gain force. I do not believe that any serious politicians to-day, except for certain intellectual circles and perhaps the Indian agitator, Shauquat Ali, would give this idea serious consideration. Of course, the cry, 'Islam is in danger,' would meet with a very impressive response not only among the fanatical Bedouins, who are Moslems on the surface only, but among millions of other Mohammedans, who would all exclaim, '*Ed dîn muhammed es sêf*—the belief of Mohammed is the sword.'

But the Pan-Islam movement has brought forth nothing constructive of late. The Wahabi regards the orthodox Moslem, whether Sunnite or Shiite, with greater hostility than he does the Christian or the Jew. He is fanatical in his religious devotion, and, in spite of all the materialistic interpretations of history, this is the fundamental conflict between Ibn Saud and the *Imam Yahya ibn mohammed ibn hamed ed-dîn* of Yemen. It is all very well to say that they are fighting for the control of Arabia and to explain that England and Italy stand behind the scenes, but Ibn Saud's fight remains first and last the fight of the Wahabi conception of religion against the orthodoxy of the Saidi, the descendants of the prophet who live in Yemen, and it must never be forgotten that in Arabia religion gives rise to all kinds of movements that people in Europe misinterpret.

Of course, the political results of this struggle between two philosophies extend to the field of world politics

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and oil. It is the basis of the policies of the two rival powers in southern Arabia—England operating from Aden, Iraq, and Trans-Jordan, and Italy operating from Eritrea. Ibn Saud is the friend and ally of England, though he has become a little more powerful than the English themselves desire, whereas Yemen remained, until a few months ago, the only Arabian state that had not concluded any treaty with England.

Italy and Russia exploited these circumstances. The Italians entered into close relations with the Imam and gave him arms and flying machines, and the Soviet Union, whose representative could be seen every Friday in San'a in the front row of the worshipers at the great mosque, began dumping goods at a terrific rate to the detriment of the English caravan trade, which has lately been throttled by English planes bombarding the Yemenite frontier. Yemen was the only breach in the Anglo-Arabian wall of treaties that protects the most important area south of Russia from its northern neighbor. Moreover, there is petroleum and a great deal of it in Yemen—so much indeed, that it might ruin the wells in Mosul unless it were exploited under British control. For a power that has to defend India and that regards the communication line from Malta, Haifa, the Persian Gulf, and Singapore as its most important imperial trade route, sufficient grounds therefore existed for waging an indirect war, a war on foreign territory fought by foreign soldiers without any great expense to the British taxpayer.

Another motive is the so-called 'Aqaba question,' which urgently demands solution. The Gulf of Aqaba at the northernmost extremity of the Red Sea has a destiny, the destiny of any bone of contention. Originally it belonged to the Hedjaz, but during the capture of Mecca by the Wahabis England quietly added it to Trans-Jordan. The new ruler of the Hedjaz did not recognize this altered state of affairs any more than he accepted the unfavorable settlement of the Hedjaz railway question. To-day, the unfinished railway possesses no great importance, but Ibn Saud has repeatedly tried to settle the Aqaba question with a few thousand men mounted on camels. But, since Aqaba could threaten the Suez Canal in the event of war by building a short railway line, the English did not care for Ibn Saud's solution. He will not see this, nor will he see that the existence of Wahabi tribes near the oil pipe line from Mosul to Haifa is not favored because Bedouins, especially when they are badly paid, have a tendency to engage in uncontrollable forays.

Luckily for the British, he had a southern neighbor, Yemen, and there was a bone of contention between the Hedjaz and Yemen in the form of Asir. Furthermore, there were a religious conflict and hence a question of hegemony. The military conflict that followed in southern Arabia threatened the rule of the Wahabis more than the Aqaba question did. It forced them to make a new appeal for funds and for munitions from their allies, who opposed them in the Gulf of Aqaba. England met their appeal by demanding concessions.

Such, in broad outline, is the background of the Arabian conflict, but how does it affect Palestine, the bridge between Arabia and Europe, where the Jews are playing a damn-

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ably thankless rôle between two hostile powers? A little more time must pass before this question can be answered. Of course, the present balance cannot be maintained permanently any more than the present extraordinary prosperity. At the moment, Tel-Aviv has made the Jews open their eyes in amazement and believe that their eternal dream has come true, but it can hardly last indefinitely. One thing is certain. The Jews in Palestine must at last decide on some Arabian policy. A direct alliance with Ibn Saud is needed, for this Arabian leader must understand in time that the Jews have something very real to offer in the creation of a united Arabia. The aim of any reasonable Jewish policy in Palestine, the creation of an autonomous Jewish-Arabian Palestine as part of an Arabian league of nations, should be important enough to arouse Jewish Palestine from its illusions of prosperity and its fruitless domestic policy.

Arabia is on the move toward an unknown destination, but it is moving. Anyone who fails to take account of this fact runs the danger of being trampled under foot or becoming the victim of some new piece of horse trading. If the Jews do not rise to the occasion, they will resume the rôle that they have played for almost two thousand years as a passive element in history.

II. The Fight for Central Asia

By Dr. Sigurd Paulsen

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

THE Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, who was captured by rebel troops in the course of his expedition through Chinese Turkestan, has published an account of his experience in the Stockholm newspaper, *Svenska Dagbladet*. The expedition was lucky. At the height of the drama the rebel troops seemed inclined to make short shrift of their captives. They needed the expedition's trucks and thought that the simplest thing to do would be to shoot the Swedes and thus destroy every trace of evidence. But since government troops were close at hand, since bombing planes were already circling overhead, and since the attackers could not tell how soon they might be imprisoned by the Nanking Government, under whose protection Sven Hedin was traveling, they left him and his companions alive. The brave explorer thus survived and has now explained that he will continue his journey. But his dispatch contains plenty of food for thought. We read in it things that concern Europe or that will concern Europe soon.

Who is struggling now for this empty, god-forsaken province with the most costly weapons of modern warfare? Who maintains armies of no small size? Bombing planes cost money, and so does the Russian White Guard. Is it really true that the front along the Amur where Soviet troops under General Blücher have confronted the Japanese for months is gradually extending west-

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ward? Are the advance guards of these troops already establishing contact with rival Chinese generals? If that is the case, then these battles between Chinese and Tunguses, between Turkoman troops and Russian White Guards are just as important as the incessant frontier incidents between the troops of Manchukuo and those of the Red General, Blücher. The Asiatic world war might start from this spot. The London *Times* has just announced that General Ma, the leader of the rebels who captured Sven Hedin, has not been finally defeated. He occupies Kashgar and controls almost all of southwestern Chinese Turkestan. He figures as the national leader of the Tunguses and the Turkomans. Hedin reports that he conversed with General Ma's Moslem military adviser, Kemal Kaya Effendi, of Scutari, a man of the world who speaks excellent French. Who then stands behind the rebels?

II

The European press has occasionally printed dispatches about the activities of the Pan-Islam Committee in Tokyo. We have read that the Japanese are harboring a Turkish prince who is destined to mount the throne of an independent Turkestan sultanate just as Emperor Pu Yi mounted the throne of Manchuria, and we have even been told that the prince is secretly on his way to Turkestan. In any case, it is certain that the Islam population of Chinese Turkestan will not tolerate Chinese colonial rule any more. Of its two and a half million inhabitants about 50 per cent are Arabic-speaking Turkomans, 15 per cent Mohammedan Chinese, 12 per cent Kazaks, and the remainder Tunguses and Mongols. Throughout the nineteenth century the Mohammedan majority waged an endless holy war against the Chinese. They did not confine themselves to open conflict, for both parties also worked with daggers, poison, and the rope. The more holy the war, the more terrible it is.

For years General Ma played a horrible part in this merciless struggle. In 1932 he abandoned the pro-English Mohammedans for the supporters of Japan and led the first great uprising of Tunguses in the Kirin Province, which newspapers in both China and Russia attributed to Japanese influence. An empire is to be founded. Along with Manchukuo and Inner Mongolia, which has 'just been freed,' it will become a member of the Asiatic league of nations that Tokyo is planning to-day.

But the pretenders to the throne could not agree among themselves. Ma received one of his many defeats. The struggle reduced the flourishing province to a desert, but it still continued. At the moment, according to the *Times*, Ma is ruling as king of Kashgar instead of emperor. He is blocking the English no less than the Russians. On the western boundary of the province that he governs lies Afghanistan, where a Japanese envoy and trade representative installed themselves a year ago. Ma's army is being trained by Japanese instructors. That is where his base of operations lies at the present moment, but Japan can remain strong in this remote quarter of the world only so long as she has all the Mohammedans behind her, and she still lacks a good many of them.

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It is not very well known in Germany that the English have developed a counterweight to the Pan-Islam Committee in Tokyo by summoning to life a great Mohammedan movement that promises 'to unite all the Mohammedans in India and to weld together a great Mohammedan kingdom.' England knows how important a great Mohammedan movement can be and will not let Japan lead such a movement without resistance. English resistance has led to open struggle in Turkestan, but the intensity of the struggle has been diminished by the threat of increasing Russo-Japanese hostility.

When Sven Hedin set out on his expedition he certainly knew what might happen and that he was not embarking on a vague romantic journey. His task is to investigate the possibilities of automobile highways connecting Sin-Kiang with China proper. The present caravan route between Peking and Urumchi, the capital of Sin-Kiang, crosses Inner Mongolia and the Gobi Desert. It takes two or three months for camels to make the journey. An automobile would take two weeks to cover the roads now being planned. Thus eastern Turkestan would again be brought into the Nanking Government's sphere of influence to the disadvantage of Japan and her Mohammedan friends. If the plan succeeds, China and Great Britain will share political control over eastern Turkestan, just as they already do over Tibet, and the Red Army would have no further concern with this front. It could concentrate its power on the Mongolian and Manchurian frontiers, but it is hard to know whether that would advance the cause of world peace.

III. Arms and the Chinaman

By G. H.

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

ONE of the facts that most impress the visitor to Shanghai is that the importers of this city, no matter what goods they specialize in, are always quite ready to undertake to procure for a client a consignment of arms better, cheaper, and deadlier than those of any competitor. The few importers who do not deal in arms feel very bitter about it and are on the lookout for some brigand who has become a general—or some general who has become a brigand—in the hope of being able to place with him a nice little consignment just waiting to be landed. On board the cargo boats lying off Shanghai there are large cases, ostensibly marked 'Bibles,' 'Pianos,' 'Umbrellas,' or 'Glassware.' In the language of the slave traders in the Red Sea, everyone knows that when a pass is signed, whether at Jibuti or elsewhere, for 'Mules,' human ones are referred to. So, in the dealer's language in Shanghai, 'Bibles' mean revolvers, 'Pianos' mean mitrailleuses, 'Umbrellas' mean rifles, and 'Glassware' means bullets.

As long ago as the beginning of the sixteenth century the Portuguese came to China and supplied the delighted

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natives with gunpowder and lead. Being very devout Catholics, the Portuguese traders demanded not only the agreed-upon quantity of tea, silk, and porcelain for their consignment but also 1,200 heathens for baptismal purposes. Even to-day, in the War Museum in Tokyo, you can see an old Christian cannon inscribed with crucifixions and pious Latin texts, ending 'fecit A.D. 1550.' In this museum there is no trace, unfortunately, of the Japs or the Chinese who, in return for this consignment, had to become Christians. We must not, however, imagine that baptism went out of fashion as payment for consignments of arms. As recently as during the Taiping Rebellion history relates that Marshal Lin Ah-foo and 3,000 of his men consented to be baptized into the Holy Catholic Church in return for a substantial delivery of arms to help the insurgents. Nor were the Catholics alone in their zeal. Two of the Taiping leaders, Li Je-uh and Tsen Ah-lin, proclaimed themselves members of the Protestant fold in return for the arms some enterprising English missionaries procured for them.

II

The history of the arms traffic in China is readily illustrated by the fact that the first consular task of the first French consul general, on the first day of his first visit to China, was to settle some business for J. Aroné, a French subject, of the firm of Bac, Aroné and Company, who wanted to deposit goods in a Shanghai hotel,—the goods being 200 cases of arms for war purposes,—and, as the hotel proprietor on no account would allow these cases in his hotel, M. de Montigny, the French consul, had to intervene and insisted that the goods should be deposited in the hotel. This all happened in the British settlement since at that time, 1848, no French concession existed. It was, in fact, through the purchase of territory by another French arms dealer, M. Remi, that the French concession came into being at all. Even the American consul, at that time Mr. Griswold, carried on a business of arms and lodged a long complaint at the Quai d'Orsay against his rival, M. Remi. The result of this dispute was that Mr. Griswold was recalled, and his successor was Mr. Cunningham. This gentleman, in his capacity as American consul during the Taiping Rebellion, placed his services at the disposal of the emperor, and at the same time, in his capacity as head of the firm of Russell and Company, sold the rebels not only arms but also a couple of warships. It dates from the time of the Taiping Rebellion that foreign merchants in China turned from the profitable business of importation of opium,—which by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, concluding the opium war of 1840, they were allowed to import into China without restriction,—and instead of opium, they started to import arms into China. It was unfortunate that during the siege of Shanghai in September, 1853, some of the shells that M. Remi and M. de Montigny had sold to the Taiping rebels exploded in the shady garden of the French consulate, damaging not only the building but the French cathedral.

Often as China has received foreign loans, seldom has she ever had ready money in her hands. In the past, when loans were concluded with China, it

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was generally in order that they should be used for the purchase of arms from the countries floating the loans. Two Viennese banks, the Niederoesterreichische Escompte-Gesellschaft and the Oesterreichische Boden-Kreditanstalt, concluded three big loans in China just before the War, only on the condition that most of the loans should be spent on battleships constructed at the Cantiere Navale Triestino and on munitions from the Skoda Works in Pilsen. Quite officially, to-day, English firms deliver tanks and steel plates; the French deliver big cannons; the Czechoslovakians deliver mitrailleuses; the Norwegians, explosives; the Belgians, revolvers; the Swedes, military searchlights; the Germans, poison gas; the Americans, nitrate and gun cotton. Unofficially, this trade assumes bigger proportions, and everybody is ready to close an eye when it is a question of arms smuggling. One wonders how much of the loans recently concluded by Mr. T. V. Soong are to be spent on armaments. According to the daily radio news received on the liner that brought me out here, contracts assuming great proportions for the supply of arms to China had been entered into in Paris by the Chinese Finance Minister and Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, the son of Chang Tso-lin, whom he met in Paris and who has again reappeared there after his hasty flight from Peking with the money sent him by General Chiang Kai-shek for use against Japan.

In 1919 the American Minister in Peking did propose to the other Great Powers an arms-embargo agreement, by which the contracting parties should agree not to deliver arms and munitions to China until a stabilized form of government was formed. The Great Powers duly signed this agreement, which was later submitted to and signed by Italy, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Belgium. The only important country not asked to sign the agreement was Germany, since in 1919 Germans were regarded by the Allies as mere 'Huns,' not worthy to associate with other members of the concert of nations. Fortunately for the arms industry, gentlemen know how to keep a gentleman's agreement. Thus, when the troops of Wu P'ei-fu appeared wearing British trench helmets, the British Government declared that they only supplied China with these for decorative purposes to be used on parades. Questions were also raised about a consignment of 140 airplanes delivered in Peking by Vickers-Armstrong within a year of the signing of the arms agreement. Vickers, however, explained that these airplanes were only to be used for air mails. It was not, after all, Vickers' fault if the unscrupulous Chinese converted them into war machines.

III

The fact that Germany was not invited to sign the arms-embargo agreement turned out to be of great benefit to her, because, in order to keep to the letter of this agreement, the gentlemen who signed it began very shortly afterward to supply China with arms, using some German subject as a figurehead to sign the contract. The subsequent history of the delivery of arms to China by Germany would fill not an article but several large books. To mention only a few instances, there was the case of the Norwegian steamers, the *Skule*

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in 1928 with a large shipment of German arms and the *Aker* in the same year, and these affairs were amply discussed in the German Reichstag during the debates in 1928 at which the writer of this article was present. In the course of those debates it was discovered that the German Government officials were themselves heavily compromised in the supply of arms to China. In the same year there was a fantastic story of the Czechoslovakian ship, *Praha*, with a German crew and German captain, and 100,000 rifles, munitions, and tanks on board, which, unfortunately, had to stop in Manila Harbor to get water. The simple inhabitants of those islands were surprised to see a ship of the republic of Czechoslovakia. She turned out to be a German, the *Hedwig*, which had obtained from the Skoda Works some kind of Czechoslovakian protection.

And the Communists? How do they get their arms to conduct their remarkable resistance in southeastern China? They are the only ones who are not supplied, as far as I know, by any one of the leading armament firms. It is chiefly the deserters from the Kuomintang armies that bring them their arms. When a prisoner is taken, it is quite usual for the capturer not to shoot him but to take his rifle and give him five dollars for it. He rushes back to his comrades with this unexpected gift, and the next morning hundreds, if not thousands, of rifles are brought for five dollars—expected, but not always received.

I was very anxious to meet one of these German arms dealers to hear myself his point of view. It was arranged for me by a mutual friend to meet such a German, whom I shall call Herr Meyer. An opportune moment was found to meet this gentleman in the lounge of the Cathay Hotel when he was in his cups. His conversation is really worth recording, and I am sorry that space does not allow me to say more. Amongst other things, he told me that he was engaged at this time on a large shipment of arms that were going to be sent to Vladivostok from China. I expressed surprise at this. 'To the Russians?' I inquired. 'Oh! well,' he answered, 'what happens to the arms I do not know. The chief thing is that they are paid for. Besides, you should not ask so many questions. What guarantee have we that the consignment may not be forced by storms or lack of water to enter a Japanese harbor?' 'Well,' I said, 'do you want to sell arms to the Chinese or to the Japanese?' To this the man truthfully replied: 'It does not matter to me to whom I sell it, or whether the Chinks kill the Japs or the Japs kill the Chinks; it does not matter a damn to me. The best thing those slant-eyes can do is to exterminate each other.' Finding it difficult to answer this, I was silent. 'Prosit!' said Herr Meyer, lifting his glass. I lifted mine.

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The wife of an unemployed British laborer describes the condition of England's jobless millions, and then Professor Soddy, Oxford chemist and Nobel Prize winner, suggests his own remedy.

BRITISH Contrasts

From Kitchen to Laboratory

I. The Woman's Side of Unemployment

By Mrs. Pallis

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IF ONLY he had work! Just imagine what it would be like. On the whole, my husband has worked about one year out of twelve and a half. His face was lovely when I married him, but now he's skin and bones. He was earning from eight pounds to ten pounds a week. He's a left-handed ship's riveter—a craft that should be earning him a lot of money. I don't think he's capable of a hard day's work now. He's got chronic bronchitis since he's out of work.

Through all the struggling, I've still not lost my respectability. About three or four years ago I could even manage to win a competition for the best-kept home for cleanliness and thrift. My children wouldn't go to school with a hole in their trousers. They come to me. My oldest boy has trousers on at the moment with six patches on them; I just tell him he'll be all the warmer, specially in the winter. My husband helps me with the darning. Then when we've finished with the clothes, my husband puts them into making a mat.

Many a time I put a bit of black polish on a white thread, to put a patch in, because I haven't a penny to buy any black thread. And oftentimes I take the buttons off the dirty shirt and put them on the clean be-

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cause I have n't the money to buy more buttons if there are some missing. Many a time my husband's had to make cups for the children out of empty condensed-milk tins. I've always tried to keep my house looking nice. I feel as if I want to be the same as everybody else. My husband tries each year to freshen things up with whitewashing and so on.

When I was first married we had the one room. I had the four children in it, and then I had the chance of three rooms and, though it was twice the rent, I took the responsibility. I have always felt that environment counts. The children are what I fight for, it's not for myself. I could n't expect to bring four children up decently in one room.

I have no water laid on in the rooms. I have to go down two flights of steps into the yard for water and coal. I've no sink, so every drop of water has to be carried down as well as up. When you feel that sort of thing is when you wash. We've only one lavatory in the yard between the three families who are in the building. I think every family ought to have its own lavatory. I know we ought to have fresh air, but we have to sit in, stifling, because just outside they've made a coal depot. If we open the windows, we eat and breathe coal. Yet we are n't classed as a slum area.

I've got five children—four boys and a girl. It's worrying me a lot now. The girl's too big for the cot. She's nearly five. She's too big to come in our bed. I can't buy a bed for her, and, besides, I've no room for it. So she has to sleep in with the boys. The girl sleeps at the bottom of the one big bed, and the three boys at the top. It's all right at present, but in another year or so it's going to be a bit awkward. I don't think those sort of things come to men's minds like they do to women's. They have to have them pointed out to them; but it's between me and my sleep and my food.

II

Everybody wants one baby, even when you can't afford them, but, when it comes to the third, and fourth, and fifth, you dread, not for the children, but for the means to support them. I know I've cried when I knew I had to have another baby, not for myself, but for what they have to be brought into—no work, no means, no jobs for them. But it means expense to avoid them. I know all about the avoidance part, but I have n't the means to carry it out. It costs money. It's all very well people talking, but, if you notice, it's always the people who've got the means who don't have the babies. At the same time, I hope I have no more. But when you're married, you're married. They blame women for getting babies; but, if all women refused, there'd be some court cases, would n't there? Men bringing their wives up for conjugal rights. I feel the majority of men who are out of work are out of health, too, and should n't have no more, besides the fact that we can't afford them. I think we ought to have some information from somewhere given to us. It's ignorance on some people's part; or, for people like myself who know, we have n't got the money. I know a baby costs more when it does arrive, but we just have n't the pence to spend to prevent it.

I had three in four years. Then there was four years between the next

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one, and then four years between the last two. If we'd given way, we could have had another three. I think it's the men who want the teaching more than the women.

My husband never changes his dole money, but still we can't manage. We're both of us always occupied in the home. I have n't had a holiday for thirteen years. My husband's never been to a football match. When people talk about the talkies, I don't know what they mean. I've never been, but I've no desire to go—it's all gone.

But it's the people who keep themselves respectable who don't get any help. And I've never applied anywhere for any help. My husband's a Sunday-school teacher, but at present he can't go, he's so shoddy. It's all right in the winter, but, when the sun shines, it shows all the glare up on the clothing. Often he's taken the leather off his own shoes and put it on to the boys' in the winter. I often go practically barefooted in the home, so as I can present myself respectably outside. About three years ago I had to suffer weeks from a bump under my arm because I did n't like to go in front of the doctor at the infirmary, because my underclothes were all worn. I was clean, but they were in rags.

It's the women who suffer. The man brings the dole in, and he's finished—the woman's got all the rest. Many a week he's given it me, and I've just said, 'Put it in the fire.' I've often said to him, 'Don't you feel shamed at bringing 33 shillings to keep all these on?' And he'd say, 'What can I do?' He'd work if he could get it. The dole is not the same as earned money. I'm not blaming my husband. I don't know who to blame, but I wonder who I should blame. I know what it will come to. Some of our mental homes will be filled, if there's not a drastic change. What are you struggling for? We've got no aim in life. I often do jobs over again that don't need to be done, just to keep myself from thinking. I have to pray for help to keep me going. For my own self, I don't care if my time on this earth was finished. But what about the bairns? That's the thing.

Sometimes comedies will crop up, even if you are miserable. It's a few years ago, I wrote an essay on different grades of milk and won a competition. And at that time there was no fresh milk coming into our house. Now I get a pint a day, just for cooking purposes. Besides that all I can get is two tins of skimmed milk a week. They say we all ought to drink a pint of milk a day. Well, average it out for our house—seven pints a day, it would be about fourteen shillings a week. They're always teaching us that at our Welfare, but it's a bit of a laugh. Our medical officer wrote an article the other day and said white bread, marge, and tea was no good for no one. Well, that's our main diet, and thousands more like me.

By the time I have paid ten shillings for coal, gas, and rent and paid money for the allotment rent, for burial insurance, to the clubs for the children's clothes, for chapel collection, and cigarettes for my husband, leather for cobbling, and so on, I have about ten shillings left for groceries, two shillings for milk, and about three shillings to three and sixpence for meat. That is about sixteen shillings a week for food. I bake all my own bread. I find if I get a half a pound of tea every week for

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three weeks then I can make do the fourth week with a quarter of a pound, and so get a penny or two to put to a few currants or such-like. I make a two-pound jar of jam last the four weeks. Some weeks I can get a quarter of a pound of bacon for threepence or threepence-halfpenny. Now that eggs are cheap, I use quite a lot. We very, very rare get cheese. We all like it, but it's a bit of a luxury. When there are birthdays we have it.

I generally manage some kind of dinner every day. A roast that I get for about one-and-sixpence, to last Sunday and Monday; mince, or a vegetable soup, or herrings, if in season, or eggs and chips. Then I give them green vegetables and potatoes—we're lucky in being able to get vegetables from the allotment. Milk puddings I make for the two youngest, and sometimes there is enough for all the children. For breakfast the family gets cocoa, bread and butter or marge. Tea and supper consist of that always. In winter I try to get some fat pieces from the butcher, melt them down, and fry bread in the fat for the bairns' breakfast, because I know in the winter they need fats.

We are told we ought to eat fruit, but it is very seldom I can afford fruit. Butter I can get now that it is cheap, but other times we must get marge. I try and choose the food that will give the bairns the most nourishment. I thank God He's given me the ability to cook. I don't buy any cooked food. Any extra expense must come out of food money, and then my husband and I always have to suffer. We give it all to the bairns, and we have bread and marge.

When I've had the children, I've always had the maternity benefit of two pounds four shillings down. A doctor's fee is two guineas, so ever since the first, when I had a doctor, I've had a woman, a certified midwife, because it's cheaper. She's twenty-five shillings only. The rest of the money has to pay for the inconvenience while you're in bed. My husband looks after me and the children. He does everything. But I feel as though I ought to have a doctor. I always have a difficult time. I had chloroform for the first baby, but I have n't been able to have it since. I think we women ought to be able to have it. The last time I was abed from the Sunday to the Tuesday, but I only had the woman in at the end.

III

I'm thirty-five, and I'm thankful I've always been fairly healthy. But I often get irritable, and then the poor bairns suffer. I've had my teeth attended to through the Welfare Centre. I've been paying twopence a week for over two years now for my teeth. I don't know how long I'll have to pay for. I've never asked the amount, I don't want the shock. Now my head aches, and I feel as though my eyes need attention. I often find myself in a perspiration through weakness. I feel I've nothing to go out for. I go out on a Saturday night and sometimes on a Thursday.

The children's health worries me, and what they'll do at fourteen. One boy has had pneumonia three times. I pledged my wedding ring the last time to buy extras for him, and have n't been able to get it back. I take the babies to the Welfare every Monday; but it's only the doctor who can order things, and you don't get

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to see the doctor unless the baby is losing weight or ailing. But I always say—prevention is better than cure, and they should give while people are in perfect health, not wait till they go back. If ever the children get a penny given them they bring it to me to lighten my burden.

What's gone is past, but I would n't like to live a minute of my life over again. With all the struggling, you can't manage. All the struggling is just for food. Still we're happier than some, for in our house we're all in harmony. Everyone helps in our house. The only hope we have got is the hope to come. I've lived for hope—or, as my husband would say, faith—for thirteen years. Perhaps after all it's worse for the men. The women have their work and their home. I have no hope my husband will ever work again.

II. The New Britain Movement

By Frederick Soddy, F.R.S.

From *New Britain*, London Credit-Reform Weekly

THE New Britain Movement aims at national renaissance without violence, not as a pious or utopian aspiration, but as an urgent necessity, dictated alike by the danger threatening the nation and by practical reason and adequate knowledge. It seeks to avoid civil war between Communism and Fascism, the triumph of either of which would spell the end of individual and personal freedom as it has been slowly and painfully developed in the West.

Nature being enslaved, men may be free. Their economic function has become subordinate and should no longer be the primary and overwhelming concern either of their existence or of statecraft. It were better left under responsible technological direction. The road has been opened to the fullest and freest development of the individual personality. Communism and Fascism, vieing with one another to close it again and to substitute some form or other of state dictatorship, are a century behind the times in a completely obsolete misunderstanding of actual physical realities. Nor is there any real division of opinion as to the goal to be aimed at. In spite of economic inversions, practical Christianity has never been more deeply rooted in the life of the people. New Britain aims above all at a nation of free men and women, in which everyone, quite irrespective of his economic function or status, shall participate to the utmost in the new opportunities for an abundant personal life and be secured by the state from the spectre of economic insecurity that stalks the world to-day.

It is materialistic in that it regards wealth, in contradistinction to the ownership of debts, as the essential *sine qua non* of culture. The last thing it desires, however, is a more opulent replica of the existing plutocracy or one in which the power of [the lack of] wealth over the lives and labors of others is retained as the ultimate essential and irresistible weapon of governance. The words in brackets signify how far we have traveled in the understanding of these

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questions since Ruskin's day and how easy the problem is to solve if we approach it, not from the negative standpoint of the economics of want, but from that of the practical engineer to whom we owe this age of plenty.

New Britain proposes no confiscation of property, but as regards 'capital,' or property of communal use for the production of wealth, ownership would be limited and ultimately terminated by amortization out of taxation, and in due course a revenue would accrue to the state and be available for national expenditure and then for the payment of national dividends to all, as and when men are no longer required to contribute services to production.

The existing factions have not yet emerged from the ideology of strife. The economic struggle having become an anachronism, the controversies are no longer real. New Britain appeals to the common humanity of men to sink their differences in a colossal constructive task, to save Western civilization from ruin by war and internal dissension, and not to await the ruins of the old before building anew a commonwealth nearer to the heart's desire. The characteristic of the hour is not the physical impossibility of utopia but, in spite of every real factor making for and indeed dictating the attempt, the inertia of dead institutions that oppose the general will. These cannot be displaced by individuals but only by a live alliance of men and women of vision, who have glimpsed a higher plane of civic relationship not yet within the horizon of the old philosophies of scarcity. New Britain's slogan, 'Above and Between,' indicates this and its middle-of-the-road policy between the extremest drifts to dictatorship whether of property or labor. Its method, founded on the knowledge that men are not governed by men or by institutions but by ideas, draws on modern psychology to evoke through group intercourse and personal understanding the will to common action.

Man must be born again out of his old herd instincts and class hatreds. So, though all things are not possible, all possible things may become politically actual. It relies on the times throwing up leaders, not on leaders controlling the times, and on the resurgence of youth rather than wasting itself on the attempt to resurrect the dead. It appeals to the individual to make, as of old, his politics one with his highest aspirations—his religion it should be termed save that the name has become distasteful and meaningless to many. The ultimate political form this will lead to may be left to evolve. Democratic it will assuredly be in action, if aristocratic in execution, as those guided by living ideas are better than those guided by those of the past. The National Government is the fusion of the old contending factions for their own preservation.

II

As regards foreign relations, the new alliance hopes to set an example to Europe and pave the way to world federation by the application of the new economics to the abolition of poverty, unemployment, and the kindred phenomena of social exploitation at home. In contradistinction to what may be termed League of Nations and Wellsian visions of world unity, apparently remaining in the grip of

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exactly the same errors as those to which our present plight is due, New Britain is under no delusion. In the words of one of its distinguished inspirers, you do not solve a problem by making it bigger. Its plan is rather for Britain to deal faithfully with its own money system, to restore it as the distributive mechanism so that vendibility automatically accompanies production and the primary purposes of wealth for use and consumption replace the purely accessory purpose of production for lending and saving.

So will be removed the permanent internal urge toward war, and, if other nations follow our lead, the way is then paved for the fullest and freest development of individual nationality as of individual personality, without the exploitation of weak nations by the strong, but with every advantage in whole-hearted and friendly economic coöperation. It relies on the problem being solved in the West before the danger eventuates of the East.

This is so new it may require a word of theoretical explanation. Our statesmen and their sociological and economic advisers have hitherto been trying to fit a scientific civilization into the Procrustean bed of primitive peoples who literally earned their bread by the sweat of the brow. No professional sociologist or economist has yet had the philosophic imagination even to contemplate frankly the social implications of abundance. The lightening of the labor of living has not been achieved by the sociologist and economist, who have been bemused, as much as the layman, by the facile human substitution for wealth of the ownership of debt. This has perverted the technological progress into a mad race for the accumulation of debts, the most rapid and effective method imaginable being war! But to-day there is only one conquest that really counts. It is the conquest of nature, and it is so complete that men and women are left to rot between wars in unemployment without money and in vapid leisure with it, ending by welcoming war as an escape from an intolerable existence.

The spearhead of New Britain is directed at the heart of this perversion, the upstart private monetary system, and the only implacable enemy it expects to encounter, and with which no truce is conceivable, is the City and the interests that live by the creation and destruction of money. These, however, are in effective control of practically all the channels of public education and instruction.

III

It is not in opposition to the rich as such; indeed, it desires real wealth for all. It is the foe of the money power, meaning not the ultra-wealthy but rather the power of creating and destroying money, a totally different thing. It favors the preservation of parliamentary institutions, with the party system and the controversial back-chat between ins and outs, replaced by scientific and constructive planning of the whole corporate life of the nation, and to this end the subdivision of Parliament into three chambers—political, economic, and cultural. The first alone would be elected on a geographical basis and, being concerned with civic questions affecting all alike, would have general powers of control over the others. The other two would be functional rather

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than geographical, and their work would be in the hands of technically trained and eminently qualified representatives chosen by the individuals and bodies whose work they coördinate. For the economic a form of national guild is envisaged.

With regard to the money system, it proposes to revert to the principle of the British constitution, now in abeyance, restore the prerogative of the Crown over the issue of all forms of money, and enforce the laws that treat the issue and destruction of money as a form of high treason. The present system has evolved *sub rosa* out of the failure of Parliament to suppress the private issue of money in the form of bank notes, which led to the banks', in effect, lending check books and the growth of the negative, physically non-existent form of money known as bank credit. It proposes to revert to physical tokens, the quantity of which cannot be made negative, to issue the amount that has already been created, some two thousand millions of pounds, and compel the banks henceforth to hold pound for pound of national money against their clients' deposits withdrawable by check.

It proposes in lieu of the gold standard the constant price-index standard and a statistical bureau analogous to the National Physical Laboratory, which keeps the standards of weights and measures, to advise on the rate of issue of new money to maintain the index invariable. The effect of this will be to remove the obstruction to the distribution of wealth through the channels of commerce—to make it vendible if utilizable. As for gold, New Britain would gild with it the dome of St. Paul's, the Radcliffe Camera, and the new houses of Parliament in token that the nation had returned to sanity and that all the human travail its winning has involved might not be wholly in vain.

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Persons and Personages

Goebbels Self-Revealed

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

THE style is the man. The truly outstanding men of the new Germany are not historians but fighters. Their books are not written in the study or worked out in accordance with scientific methods. They are fighting documents. The scientist is duty-bound to respect his objectivity. The fighter, on the other hand, as long as he is fighting, and especially when he fights with the intensity of the National Socialist, must renounce any attempt to see both sides of the question. He must have no objectivity whatever.

In various ways the public speeches of the National Socialists give clear expression to this attitude. It never occurs to the National-Socialist fighter to be fair to his opponent at all costs; he prefers to defeat him at all costs. Most, if not all, of the great writings of the leading National Socialists are in this sense fighting documents or else descriptions of a struggle. The close proximity of the writer to the event, the leading rôle that he has to play, the revival of passion that comes to him as he is writing up his experience determine the character of most of the books these men write. They tell us much of what is happening and of what has happened. They tell us still more about the outstanding personalities whom we see acting and talking before our eyes. One such character stands out to-day more than any other, especially before those who have fought on his side and even more so before his opponents. Therefore, any book of his has a special value.

Numerous speeches of Dr. Goebbels have already been published in two books, one of which, *Das Erwachende Berlin*, had appeared in 1934 with a brief introduction summing up the historical struggle of the National-Socialist Party from the end of the War until its hour of victory. Recently, another book by Dr. Goebbels has appeared, *Vom Kaiserhof zur Reichskanzlei*, which bears the sub-title, 'An Historic Description in Diary Form from January 1, 1932, to May 1, 1933.' Dr. Goebbels knows the difference between experiences that he has lived through himself and scientific description. He states explicitly in the introduction: 'Anyone who hopes to find history in this book, in the usual sense of the word, will seek in vain. What is set down here was written in the tumult and tempo of the day and often of the night.' From his own point of view, 'this is what happened.'

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Dr. Goebbels wrote his book from the notations in his diary and evidently left out many items that did not fit into the plan. It is therefore not his complete diary but only that part of it that bears on the history of those sixteen months. Nevertheless, the three hundred pages that Dr. Goebbels lays before us are rich in high lights, some of them showing the situation behind the scenes, some expressing his own opinion, some revealing his private life, some the private lives of others. The style is forthright. Rarely does one come upon any long explanatory passages. Page after page reveals the terrific tension of those fighters and their relentless energy, which was especially relentless in its effects on themselves.

No politicians in Germany have ever worked so hard. People used to engage in politics as a kind of side issue, but here politics and life become identical. In some instances this identity is achieved at the cost of life itself, and the political dynamo completely destroys the human intellect. This is not the case with Dr. Goebbels. His diary entries show that the artistic, poetic, sensitive element is never ignored in so far as it is real. Anyone who reads the book carefully will also recognize certain traits of a tendency in the Propaganda Minister that take the form of withering sarcasm toward his opponents when he is making a public speech, a humor with a liberal mixture of keen political perception. For instance, he describes the scene during the Berlin transit strike when he and his friends succeeded in prying loose several street-car tracks under the protection of an unsuspecting policeman who belonged to the old régime.

The man is the style. Here are a few extracts that show the rhythm of the book:—

'District leaders summoned together. Made it hot as hell for them because our hand-outs are going forward so badly. There is a lack of money everywhere.

'There is one man in the organization whom nobody trusts. He has no solidarity and therefore can never be a real friend to anyone. That man's name is Gregor Strasser.

'We shall always get along best of all with the people.

'One can work with him [Adolf Hitler] wonderfully. He is one of those rare people who, when he trusts you, lets you work free and unhindered. The opposition press describes him in a completely false and erroneous way. There is no man who has less of the tyrant in him than he.

'We must have the courage to live dangerously.

'We play music of an evening, and then everyone is all right again.

'It is wonderful to sit alone with the Leader and talk about the future.

'Some of the Storm Troops will be impatient. A premature assault or any resort to force might destroy our whole future at a stroke.

'The Leader has an important conversation with General Schleicher.

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A few gentlemen belonging to the President's closest circle are there. Brüning is to fall in the next few days. The President will withdraw confidence from him.

'Two days dictating placards, handbills, and pamphlets. Almost unconscious. If the Leader accepts office [August 1, 1932], he is lost, but there is no question of his doing so. He refuses flatly.

'Below us lies the broad Baltic, glistening in the sunshine. Sweet indolence.

'Strasser takes the stand that Schleicher must be tolerated. The Leader has the sharpest conflict with him. The Leader walks up and down his hotel room with long strides for hours. He is embittered and wounded to the depths by such disloyalty. The year 1932 was an eternal succession of hard luck. It must be smashed to bits.

'A gloomy Christmas. My heart is heavy and full of care. The only consolation is that little Harald is with me. His mother lies sick in the hospital. I go with little Harald to the hospital. We put up a Christmas tree in the corridor and have a sad little Christmas celebration.

'The conversation between the Leader and Herr von Papen has occurred. The situation of the Party has been basically transformed overnight. Even the finances have improved very suddenly. Time gained, everything gained. Thus we overthrow Schleicher.

'In the afternoon, as we are sitting drinking coffee with the Leader, Göring suddenly enters and announces that everything is perfect. The next day the Leader will be made chancellor. This is certainly Göring's happiest hour. He has spent months, one might even say years, negotiating and preparing the ground diplomatically and cleverly for the Leader. He never weakened once. We have often eaten together during the past year and exchanged views. By our respect and admiration for each other's abilities and achievements we have become true comrades whom no emergency and no crisis could ever separate.

'The Leader is coming. He says nothing, and we all say nothing, too, but his eyes are filled with tears. That is how strongly he feels.

'The sun stands high in the heavens and shines down with springtime warmth on this wonderful Germany. It has again become a joy to work and to create.

'Amazing that everything does not stand at the disposal of the new state.

'Sixteen years ago, after my examinations, our old master, who has long lain buried underground, came to me, slapped me in a jovial, friendly way on the shoulder, and said: "You are talented, but unfortunately you are not a born speaker."'

But perhaps the master at least perceived the writer in Goebbels. Otherwise he made two mistakes.

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General von Blomberg

From the *Clarion*, London Labor Weekly

HE IS fifty-six years old and Minister of the Reichswehr. A slim man of medium height, with the clean-shaven, wrinkled face of a scientist. Taciturn and mysterious, he sits in his office of the Reichswehr-ministerium in the Bendler Strasse in Berlin. He seldom appears in public. He never makes public speeches. But people who know him call him the 'Moltke of the Third Reich.'

General von Blomberg comes from a very old and noble Prussian family. He belongs to one of those families who for centuries have given their younger sons as officers to the Prussian army. *Schwertadel*—nobility of the sword—they are called in Germany.

These families are older than the Hohenzollern. They are poor but proud. They are born soldiers with strong ambition and with an instinct for dealing with the common German. They have been brought up to win battles and to die for the glory of Prussia.

The military genius of the Prussian race is immortal in names like General von Seydlitz, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Moltke, Ludendorff, and von Richthofen. Blomberg is but a link in this eternal chain. He represents that spirit of strict and severe militarism, which has been, and will be, the fate of Germany. The world is talking about Hitler. But Blomberg is standing behind the Führer. The Third Reich is sitting on the bayonets of the Reichswehr.

General von Blomberg commanded during the War a division in Poland and in Flanders. At the big battle of Gorlice in the summer of 1916 he broke through the Russian lines in Galicia. At Amiens, in the spring of 1916, he smashed the English divisions. After the revolution he returned to the Academy of War, which he left as a young officer shortly before 1914. Ludendorff, Schleicher, and Oskar von Hindenburg were his colleagues at this high school of the art of war.

Clemenceau, in his reluctant admiration of the eternal 'Boche,' forced the German Republic to introduce a small professional army of 100,000 men. He thought he could end in this way the military superiority of Germany, but he created a more dangerous instrument in the form of a small, very efficient army, in which every soldier is trained in the most capable way, so that a simple private can carry out the duties of a lieutenant. The German Reichswehr is now the most skilled professional army of the world. The soldiers are selected from the strongest and best types of men. Only the sons of peasants or middle-class families are taken as recruits. Workers are suspected of 'dangerous thoughts' and, therefore, not admitted.

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The Steel Helmets and the National Union of German Officers, the two great organizations of veterans, supply the Reichswehr with their young sons. The Nazi Storm Troops have not yet been able to place their members in the Reichswehr. On that point Blomberg is immovable. No civilian can interfere with the business of the Reichswehr. Blomberg and his generals remain masters in their own house. Hitler knows that, as Ebert and Brüning knew it.

Even the Nazis have not succeeded in appointing one of their members as War Secretary in the Reichswehr Ministry. The Bendler Strasse is the only German office where the Nazis are of no importance. Hindenburg is still commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr, and not the gorgeous Göring. Blomberg also flatly refused to reproduce the Nazi salute in the Reichswehr. He salutes in the old Prussian style, with the hand at the helmet, and the Reichswehr soldier cries 'Hurra,' and not 'Heil.'

General von Blomberg is the real organizer of the new German army. He is the modern battle thinker. He does not dream of millions of conscripts. What he wants is a small, efficient army, with the best spirit and the most efficient weapons of the world. The motorization of the Reichswehr is his work. He is, too, the silent but prominent promoter of German air armaments. He once said: 'I do not want big guns and an army of millions. Give me 6,000 airplanes, and see what I can do.'

For this purpose Hitler and his Nazis have been tremendously useful to Blomberg. The little Austrian lance corporal was accepted by the Reichswehr because he reawakened the military instincts of the Teutonic race. The generals never called him anything else but the 'Drummer.' And he has also wiped out pacifist and Marxist critics who opposed an unlimited military budget of countless millions.

The Nazis have given everything to the Reichswehr. Not because of love but because of necessity. Blomberg knows that the Reichswehr can finish with all the Storm Troops in twenty-four hours. And there still exists the notorious Article 48 of the German Constitution, which, in cases of emergency, gives the whole power into the hands of the President. And the executive of the President is the commander of the Reichswehr.

The Socialist, Noske, was the first one who was trapped in Article 48 by his subordinate, General von Lüttwitz, who started the Kapp Putsch in 1920. Ebert, Stresemann, Brüning, Papen—they all felt the nightmare of a Reichswehr dictatorship. Hitler is standing, too, in the shadow of Blomberg. He is fine in hysterical mass meetings. But face to face with the icily polite generals of the Reichswehr, his inferiority complex as a private and an Austrian is stronger than ever. Blomberg is a good old friend of the German Junkers. Forty-eight per cent of all his officers are noble. He also has excellent relations with German heavy industry.

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Herr von Krupp, the gun king, Fritz Thyssen, Vögler from the Steel Union, Dr. Duisberg from the mammoth Chemical Trust of I. G. Farben —they all appreciate the friendship of the Reichswehr as their best guarantee of big state orders. The Storm Troops are paid with money from Thyssen's pocket. And if Blomberg should once casually say to Thyssen that it might be better if he withdrew his support from Hitler—then, good-by, the Storm Troops.

The industrialists appreciate the army even more as their safeguard against any Socialist advance. All the general strikes and rebellions of the German workers during the fourteen years of the Weimar Republic have been smashed with the help of the Reichswehr. For the Reichswehr listens only to the voice of its master, and this master is not Hitler but Blomberg. If the Nazis break down and chaos is threatening, General von Blomberg will take over the regency of Germany. And with his Reichswehr he can march to war or to peace.

Cardinal Faulhaber

By Waldemar Grimm

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

WHY has Michael Faulhaber taken upon himself the mission of defending the Old Testament? Like the ancient prophets he feels obliged to speak the truth even against the desires of the ruling powers. His truth is the doctrine of Christ; his instrument the Church. Anyone who wants to win power over human souls away from the Church is his enemy and the personification of Satan. To fight the Devil one cannot be a coward, and Faulhaber is brave.

The young theologist received his schooling at the Vatican. Born of a Bavarian family of bakers and millers, he had become professor of Old Testament exegesis in the University of Strassburg at the age of thirty-four. After his first two or three lectures, everyone streamed to hear him. Even the non-theologists would not miss the æsthetic pleasure of his bearing and speech. He had a sharply chiseled fighting face and eyes that were always focused on some far-away point in the distance. As soon as he opened his mouth he held his audience in a spell. The gray-haired priests who sat at his feet listened as he read the psalms and the prophets and evoked familiar scenes and pictures in a speech that was infused with the breath of the day of creation. The cedars of Lebanon rustled again. It was not the living Faulhaber who spoke from the pulpit but a prophet revealing the laws of ancient times in spite of his remoteness from them. Faulhaber never resorted to the empty pathos of the

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pulpit, and the Church perceived this great man among her many servants. At forty-two Michael Faulhaber, having written many books on religious history, became bishop of Speyer.

During the War the Pope made him chaplain general in the German army. But had not Faulhaber always proclaimed that the Prince of Peace wanted to bring peace to mankind? How then could he urge soldiers to take the lives of others? He believed that he had solved this conflict when he told the soldiers to defend their own country. This was a compromise and a capitulation, for during the War he spoke these words: 'The grisly reality of war should never be concealed. It is, and remains, an orgy of bloodshed in which costly human blood is spilled like water, a piling up of skulls, a pyramiding of dead men's bones, a hospital in which much of the strength of the nation lies crippled, a field of corpses in which the happiness and hope of many families lie buried, a mountain of shattered wealth, an infinite destruction of the values of science, art, and technology.'

The Church understands that in time of war men yearn for peace. Whoever brings peace captures their souls. One day the war mongers were brought to book. In 1917 the Pope appointed the forty-eight-year-old Faulhaber archbishop of Munich and Freising, the most important Catholic centre in Germany. Monsignore Pacelli was papal nuncio in Munich at the time, and he and Faulhaber tried to arrange papal intervention in behalf of peace. The attempt failed. The bitter end came bringing collapse and revolution. Faulhaber remained what he always had been—the arch-conservative prince of the Church. He opposed the revolution because it confiscated Church property. He attacked it as 'perjury and high treason.'

In the German Republic Rome won more influence than it had ever held under the Empire, yet Faulhaber would not be reconciled. He turned his back on the Weimar Republic. In 1921 the Vatican rewarded Faulhaber's aid in arranging the Bavarian Concordat by making him a cardinal. The fifty-three-year-old prince of the Church chose as his coat of arms a silver candlestick and the dove of the Holy Ghost with the motto, *vox temporis vox Dei*, the voice of the time is the voice of God. In the cathedral of Munich he then explained the significance of this device. It does not mean that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Never, in God's name! The voice of the people, the voice of the masses, the opinion of the masses is much more and much oftener the voice that urges the destruction of God. The will of God should and must be identical with the need of the hour. Each individual must listen to the voice of God in his own time.

Since the day when Hitler first began to run riot in Munich the gulf between him and the Cardinal has remained unbridgeable. Dietrich

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Eckart, the modern popular Homer, raged in the *Völkische Beobachter*, ripped 'that foul gospel of Satan, the Old Testament,' to pieces. This summoned the fighting Cardinal to the field of battle. Faulhaber inveighed against political murder and damned the nationalist terror, for he is a man who believes that the people should live in peace, to which the National Socialists contemptuously replied, 'A Roman peace.' Rosenberg emerged as their prophet, and Faulhaber passionately inveighed from the pulpit against the new outbursts of heathenism. For a long time he regarded Hitler as worse than the Republic, and the National Socialists never understood that the Cardinal is a power in Bavaria with which Hitler must reckon, a power that he should have won over to his side in spite of their differences concerning the attempted coup d'état of November, 1923. But Faulhaber does not favor Hitler or the Republic either. The old conservative stands in the camp of the Wittelsbach dynasty.

THE National Socialists grew more and more aware that the Catholic Church opposed them. They tried to defy Faulhaber. A Hamburg journalist openly accused the Cardinal of having supported the Hitler movement at the outset and then having withdrawn in order to launch a civil war that would separate Bavaria from the Reich. Faulhaber brought suit, and the trial ended with the acquittal of the accused. The court even conceded that the journalist had acted in accordance with the true interests of all Germans who did not belong to the Catholic Church. Never before had anyone attacked the authority of His Eminence. The Cardinal therefore turned his fight against Hitler into a religious war. Thanks to his influence the bishops' conference at Fulda anathematized the National Socialists.

Faulhaber also resorted to religious pacifism in his struggle against the barbarous National Socialists, whose military youth organizations were taking children away from him. He warned: 'We must all do our best to make the world plague of war occur as seldom as possible. We must never let any military celebrations cause us to forget the horrible scenes of the last war. We must retain a living memory of that frightful horror. We must educate the people to prefer to live in peace rather than win a war. We should prefer to dress as simple shepherds rather than wear the uniform of a wild soldier. Extreme nationalism is the enemy of world peace and the real heresy of the twentieth century. Every newspaper that consciously lies in order to destroy confidence between one nation and another should be stamped on its front page as a criminal is branded.' At this time the courts began sending pacifists to jail, but Faulhaber urged them to have the courage to stand for peace.

Meanwhile, nationalism ran higher and higher in Germany. Faul-

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haber stood almost on an island. In February, 1932, he exhorted the people from his pulpit in Munich: 'Military disarmament must precede moral disarmament. The nimbus of the uniform and the military parade has faded, but equal justice among nations will not be attained if disarmed Germany rearms and causes new competition in armaments but only if the heavily and overarmed nations disarm.'

The Catholic Church feels that the people are dissatisfied with the existing economic system. If it is not to lose contact with the masses, it must accommodate itself to their desires. The conservative Faulhaber, who has no use for 'progress,' always hits the right note. 'The wealth of this world is not fairly divided. Such inequality cannot correspond with just intentions. At least in the future more of the new wealth that is created should come into the hands of the wage-earners. It is unjust for one man to starve, in spite of an honorable will to work, while another lives in luxury on his dividends. We again have reached a point at which we must learn new lessons and abandon one relic of the capitalist economic period.' The Cardinal has a sixth sense of the way things are driving. A little while ago he attacked the collapse of morality as the chief evil of our time. He brought forward a Franciscan monk who made radio addresses, and he sent another monk dressed in civilian clothes to the movies and theatres to supervise the moral purity of the performances, until he felt the need of turning to more important contemporary orgies. But too late. The National-Socialist demagogues had been working faster with their economic doctrines. In the summer of 1932, Faulhaber tried to persuade the Bavarian government to oppose the cowardly resignation of the Berlin government. Here, too, he was late.

Hitler arrived. The political representatives of German Catholicism, whom Brüning led to defeat, capitulated. The Catholic Church made peace with its excommunicated members. It capitulated as long as the masses worshiped their new idols, but, as soon as the people showed the first signs of discontent, the Church changed its tactics. Faulhaber keeps silent no more. His words ring out. People are beginning to take heart. His example has a stimulating effect. Catholic priests who had been forced to make their churches into cathedrals of National Socialism are becoming fighters again. Faulhaber dares to speak of the new heathenism. He stands straight and stiff in the pulpit of his big church in Munich, and his words are carried by loud speakers to other places of worship. Crowds gather at the doors, all eager to hear a fearless attack on National Socialism. He pours contempt on Germany as a nation without culture and dares in the next sentence to call Israel the chosen people. The hearts of the oppressed turn to him. He thunders against the new German defamers of the Old Testament, from which he quotes moral laws that apply to all the world. 'Either we believe in the inspiration of

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the holy script, or we must say to the Jewish people, "You are the race with the greatest genius in history."'

It does not disturb him that people throw stones through the windows or threaten his life. Fools do not know that the Catholic Church is raising a wall against the red flood, a wall that will protect not only the conservatives but also the ruling National Socialists from the rage of the people. Faulhaber's words have kindled new enthusiasm for the word of God because men who seek aid against brute force find their hopes incorporated in this prince of the Church. His valor is winning millions of souls back to the Church.

Mussolini at Close Range

By Ignazio Balla

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

'ONE can rule only with love,' Mussolini once said, 'and politics is an art. It demands long preparation but also swift understanding and intuition. The artist creates with his inspiration, the politician with decisions; and both work with the material of the spirit. Both pursue an ideal that excites them and consumes them. In order to give our people wise laws we must be artists.'

Mussolini is both a keen observer and a man of action. His theory is that ideas by themselves mean sterility and hesitation, that action without thought does more harm than good, but that both together mean success and creation. To act one needs time and self-assurance. But Mussolini does not want the people to fall into excessive optimism and lose faith in the importance of their own energies. In one of his speeches he explained that the Fascist should never believe in his own good fortune. Philip of Macedonia, the father of Alexander the Great, once received three pieces of good news in a single hour: a son had been born to him, one of his generals had won a battle against the Illyrians, and he had been proclaimed victor at the Olympic Games. So much good fortune alarmed Philip, and he cried out to Jupiter, 'I beg you, let just a little misfortune also come my way.' Fascists, Mussolini continued, always remain on the alert. They never believe in their lucky star, for in real life only a will of steel advances us. Mussolini, the former schoolteacher, has now become the teacher of his people, whom he is preparing for less happy hours of destiny.

On another occasion Mussolini spoke as follows about his own work: 'In the course of a year I give more than 60,000 audiences and interest myself personally in 1,887,112 acts that my secretary lays before me.

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Whenever people turn to me directly, even from the most remote villages in Italy, they always receive a reply. It is not enough to rule with a strong hand. It is also important to show the people, the lower middle classes and the peasants, no matter how far they live from the capital, that the Government consists of real people who understand them and help them and do not keep aloof from the people or feel remote. In order to accomplish this work, I have eliminated all superfluous expenditures of time and energy and have made it a law for every Italian that each day's work must always be done systematically on the same day.'

Mussolini often works until nine o'clock in the Palazzo Venezia. He never plays cards and complains that those who spend time at that occupation risk not only their money but often their lives on a single card. He drinks only water and does not smoke, but he has no objection if his guests smoke or drink the wine and champagne that he, as an attentive host, provides. Mussolini adores sport. 'I love every form of sport,' he says. 'I drive my own automobile over long distances at a speed that terrifies even hardened drivers. I love flying and have done a great deal of it. When governmental matters took absolutely all my time, I needed only a few lessons to receive my pilot's license. Once I crashed from a height of 150 feet, but I at once flew again. I find great refreshment in galloping on a fine horse. Fencing gives me special pleasure.' The Italian athletes idolize Mussolini since he is himself an enthusiast and a kind of colleague of theirs.

MUSSOLINI'S work begins the minute he wakes. After exciting days and feverish nights, after sessions of the Fascist Grand Council, which often last until two o'clock in the morning, Mussolini falls into a profound sleep the moment he lies down, and no disturbance can arouse him. Usually he goes to bed after midnight and rises by seven at the latest. He at once begins to work. He has repeatedly declared that he cannot understand how anybody can lie in bed for hours after waking, since he feels it must lead to physical and intellectual laziness. As soon as he wakes, he springs out of bed, does calisthenics, and bathes. His bath is always lukewarm. He objects to a cold bath because, in his opinion, it disturbs the nerves more than it soothes them. After his bath he shaves himself, to save time. Only in the evening, when he attends a formal party at which ladies are present, does he let a barber shave him, but the barber must not talk much. The Duce does not care for a great deal of conversation, and in the past four years Mussolini and his barber have not exchanged more than two superfluous words.

By eight o'clock Mussolini has finished his bath, shaving, calisthenics, breakfast, and newspapers. Reading newspapers is his passion. He reads like a journalist at lightning speed but takes a little longer over the more

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serious passages. He looks over everything that appears in the newspapers and often notices details that a professional himself might miss. His brother, Arnaldo, spoke of this often. The Duce also reads books like lightning but without missing anything. Arnaldo Mussolini described how the Duce once called him on the telephone and said, 'There is a mistake on page 191 of your book.' Arnaldo looked at the book closely and saw that three lines had been set askew. Mussolini reads not only the morning papers but the afternoon and evening papers as well. When he is working in the Palazzo Venezia and the newspapers arrive, he lays his work aside and reads. When he notices anything important, he marks the article with red pencil and replies to it on the same day, has somebody else answer it, or delivers himself of a polemic.

At eight in the morning he goes riding. He spends an hour in the saddle, and at nine o'clock he sets forth in an automobile for the Viminále, the Ministry of the Interior, where he spends the whole morning. He begins by receiving the reporters, and then the official receptions start. Within a single morning he receives forty or fifty people—prefects, podestas, Ministers, members of the directory of the Fascist Party, presidents of syndicates and federations. At one or two o'clock he finally leaves the Viminále, eats a quick lunch, and continues his work in the Palazzo Venezia at three or three-thirty in the afternoon. Here also he gives a series of audiences. Foreigners are always received in the Palazzo Venezia. Every day all the Ministers inform him of everything important in great detail, and he often studies the subjects so thoroughly that he knows more about them than the reporters do. One looks in vain for any pile of documents on his desk. His rule is to decide everything at once and completely. Nothing ever remains on his desk, for it would be a fearful waste of time to consider the same thing twice.

Seen from a distance and from abroad Mussolini's features look as hard as a bronze mask, but at close range his face appears quite different. In the parliament and the senate his expression is worthy and earnest, sometimes eager. But when Mussolini greets the Fascist legions with raised arm and speaks to them, then his face becomes expressive, radiant, and overpowering. His whole personality creates a really gripping, moving, and magnetic impression when an old acquaintance or friend stands before him. He may not have seen the man for years, but he receives him with the same warm-heartedness as if they had parted only the day before. Mussolini, the Mussolini that the world does not know, is the very incarnation of directness, of what the Italians call *cordialità*, a characteristic of a really great personality.

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Here are two stories concerning marriage in modern China. The first mocks the modernized young Chinese from the radical, Russian point of view; the second, from the conservative and French.

Two Tales *of* CHINA

Marriage à la Mode

I. Manchurian Wedding

By B. Lapin and Z. Khatsrevin

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Paper

THE town of Dao-In lies between the Mamakhedzi railroad station and the Lake of Lo. Protected from the wind by a small mountain range, it is one of the pleasantest towns in Manchuria. The near-by sulphur springs, which were discovered a few months ago, attract numerous visitors.

At one o'clock in the afternoon (Harbin time) Donald Shih knocked at the door of Chief Tax-Collector Ian, whose daughter he was going to marry. The wedding was to take place on that very day. He found six strange women in the house, and the odor of the wedding feast was wafted to his nostrils from the kitchen. Donald Shih crossed the courtyard and entered the room of the master of the house. The bride's father stood half-naked over a bucket while a servant washed him.

'O groom of my daughter,' Ian said, raising his soapy face, 'I cannot fittingly embrace you. And I should much prefer to see you in an honest black blouse. That suit and necktie make you look like a turkey.'

Shih went into a room with empty corners where an aquarium had been installed; he sat there an hour. Donald Shih was a teacher in a mixed republican school. His name had been Shih Fin-Siao, but he changed it to Donald because he had attended an American missionary school and become a Christian. He had acquired considerable renown in his community

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by two speeches he had made, one against the Japanese, the other against the Communists.

Everywhere in the house wedding preparations could be heard. Shih sat in the empty room, and no one gave him a thought. When the men came with the fresh lacquer and began painting the walls, he returned to the father's room. By this time Ian was dressed and talking to his eldest son, an active agent in the Interior Guard.

'Listen here, young groom,' the bride's father said, seeing that Shih was preparing to settle down in his room, 'it would behoove you to take a little walk and do a little thinking. The women are now all-powerful in the house, and I am going out. You will see your bride in the evening.'

Donald Shih left the house reluctantly and walked down the main street. He met Lao, of the Manchurian Savings Bank, and bowed to him politely. A coolie pulling a ricksha ran up to him, but he sent him off.

'Sale,' the only European store in the city, was closed, and its owner, a Swede with a waxed military mustache, stood by the door, talking English to Mr. Iuji, the owner of the neighboring store.

'Your goods are rotten.'

'And yours are not perfect.'

'Your assortment lacks a wise and fitting harmony.'

'But I have customers, and you don't.'

'You have more children, and they have teeth.'

'Good-by, I have to open up.'

'Good-by, I do too.'

Shih turned down Chinese Republic Prospect, which consisted of six wooden houses and the town jail, where the fathers and brothers of the prisoners crowded about the gates, which were guarded by soldiers with Mauser rifles. Shoving an old man whose clothes smelled of hemp oil and brushing aside three peasant boys, our groom managed to get into the open square in front of the municipal building. Looking at the clock, he decided that he had time to take the suburban train to the near-by lake and enjoy a sulphur bath, which is highly recommended by doctors on the wedding day.

He managed to catch the train one minute before it left. Soon the town dropped away, and the fields flew past his window. Peasants were driving their bullock carts along the hills. Donald Shih extended his legs into the space between the seats and neatly spread a newspaper over his knees.

'It seems that you are getting married, Mr. Shih,' an elderly stranger spoke to him, 'and it seems that your marriage will be successful. . . .' The man was dressed like a merchant; he wore a tight black skull-cap, a pleated blouse, and a long skirt. Donald Shih was annoyed by the meddlesome interest of the stranger and remained haughtily silent.

At Lotszi he got off the train with the crowd of Chinese and Koreans who had come to cure their ailments in this village, which had been advertised in all the newspapers as 'Manchuria's Watering Place.' There was absolutely nothing for him to do. He walked through the village past the cripples sitting on the ground, past the women in white cotton trousers that were swollen like water-wings, past the streams of sulphur water, which reeked to high Heaven. He took a bath in the kind of bath-house that costs double—the one near a filthy

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country hotel—and ate a pickled eel, which he washed down with some hot beer. Having spent four hours in nature's bosom, he returned to the city.

When he walked down the main street he saw no rickshas and no passers-by. The stores were closed. Such early quiet surprised him. A woman's parasol lay by the roadside, and on Second Adjacent Street the pickle-vendor's cart had been upset and smashed into bits. Coming to his fiancée's house, he heard a faint crackling noise from the direction of the pasture: it sounded like machine-gun firing. He knocked long and patiently at the door of the chief tax-collector until finally a man's voice called out: 'Who? What? No! Where from and at whose orders? Here lives a loyal Chinese.' The master of the house himself finally opened the door.

'O groom of my daughter,' he said, blocking the way and scanning the street carefully, 'I pity you. The wedding is postponed because the town is occupied by the Japanese, whom I revere and whose arrival I have duly acknowledged. I therefore ask you to cease calling upon us.' And he slammed the door in the groom's face.

Donald Shih dragged himself home. All at once he lost interest in everything. His bride's slender, delicately painted throat, her enchanting mincing walk—all these things suddenly became unimportant. He walked along the darkening street, and at the corner of Mukden Avenue he saw the first Japanese patrol.

'Who goes there?' someone shouted at him roughly. He bowed low and went on, hugging the walls, pulling his head down between his shoulders, wishing to become quite small or even to be transformed into a rafter, a column, or a lamp-post. As he went home, patrols kept stopping him. He was dependent on the whim and caprice of every policeman. He passed the jail, which had already been manned by new guards wearing campaign uniforms with huge metal clasps.

When he finally reached his home he sat down to write a letter to the Japanese headquarters offering his services. He outlined a speech directed this time against the anti-Japanese and the Communists and enclosed it with the letter. Then he put out the light, covered himself with a many-colored blanket, and fell asleep.

This is a wedding story, modern Manchurian style.

II. The Marriage of Mr. Yu

By Pierre Mille

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-official Daily

LAST year was not the only time that people talked about Shanghai. Back in 1920 strikers attacked a police station in the international concession hoping to find arms and munitions there. What happened resembled closely what we have just witnessed in another city much more near at hand, except that the police did not wear Burgundian steel helmets but red turbans.

Shanghai had already become ac-

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customed to such troubles, and a week later people were thinking of something else. It took a month for the news to reach Chengtu, a city of 700,000 inhabitants in the depths of Sze-chwan, 3,000 kilometers away. There are universities in Chengtu, and the students held great indignation meetings and paraded with banners, music, and coffins. Of course, the coffins were empty since the actual dead had been buried in Shanghai, but this detail possessed slight importance. The Chengtu students demanded $50,000 for every coolie that had been killed, $500,000 for every student, the massacre of all foreigners living in Sze-chwan, and the overthrow of the King of England. That was all.

Young Yu Mon-chin was among the most excited of these demonstrators. His father, the honorable Mr. Yu, had imprudently sent him to Shanghai for his education, and he had returned quite disdainful of the usages and traditions of old China. He had no use for such outworn customs as filial piety and respect for his ancestors. Most important of all, the 'family cell' had to be reformed on occidental lines. Women must be educated, liberated, and made into something else besides beasts of pleasure or bearers of children, and the young Chinese should marry only a girl with whom he had established honest friendly relations and whom he had first known on a basis of complete equality.

That is why when Mr. Yu informed his son that he should marry a girl whom he had never seen, as is the custom, but who would suit him 'perfectly,' the son replied that he would do nothing of the sort and that he would marry only the chosen one of his heart in occidental fashion. Faced by this inconceivably disastrous fantasy, Mr. Yu almost collapsed, and old Mrs. Yu was dissolved in tears. However, two things happened. In the first place, the students, carried away by their zeal, had made the mistake of beating up an old lady who was a near relative of one of the concubines of the governor. That honorable gentleman therefore forbade the demonstrations and meted out canings with a large impartial hand, reëstablishing calm and confidence as if by magic.

In the second place, Mr. Yu, the father, reflected. He reflected in the Chinese fashion and in accordance with the principles of the wisest occidental diplomacy, but especially the diplomacy of the Far East; he decided to wait and confided to Dr. Gervais, the head of the Chengtu hospital, that his son had obviously fallen victim to an inconceivable piece of folly, no doubt as a result of some magical spell wrought by the pernicious Koui, or wicked genii. But it was important not to precipitate the conflict by any imprudent move. Therefore, when Mr. Yu, junior, announced that during the demonstrations he had met his soul-mate, a student who answered to the charming name of Flowering Jade, a delightful woman with whom he had conversed passionately on the organization of a new Sze-chwan, his father did not brutally reply that any alliance was impossible with a woman who had so forgotten the modesty becoming to her sex as to demonstrate on the street, but instead he merely remarked, as indeed any western father would, that this marriage did

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not please him particularly and that he saw numerous drawbacks.

Nevertheless, he promised to look into her family and, if reports were favorable, it might perhaps be possible, in accordance with customs four thousand years old, to make use of an intermediary and arrive at a happy solution of this grave affair. But, in the meantime, his son must not commit any scandalous indiscretion that might make him lose face forever and must not be seen in public with that Flowering Jade girl, who should return to the respectable seclusion of the women's quarters of her maternal abode. Young Mr. Yu asked for no more. He merely protested as a matter of form and was allowed to keep up his hopes. He therefore began to live agreeably again and drank many glasses of yellow wine with his friends in the best taverns of Chengtu.

II

Some time afterward he entered Dr. Gervais's house, wreathed in smiles. 'I have come,' he said, 'to beg you to lend me fifty piasters for a few days. I have just embarked on an agreeable adventure. Mr. Pou Lin-ho, whom we call "the pilot" because nobody knows the way to so many women's houses as he does, has just informed me that Mrs. White Purity, who is supposed to have brought happiness to the governor general and the richest banker in town, has deigned to cast her eyes on me. It seems that my eloquence during the demonstrations produced some results. This will not make me forget my great and undying love for Miss Flowering Jade, but it is not the same thing. It is an ephemeral, but flattering, episode. That is why I am asking you for fifty piasters to meet any unforeseen expenses.'

A few days afterward he returned the sum, which did not astonish Dr. Gervais particularly, since the young man was an honest fellow who came from a rich family. Time passed, and Dr. Gervais visited his old friend Mr. Yu, the father. He found the vast courtyard of his beautiful dwelling in a state of great animation. Shouting and laughing, the servants were carrying great baskets of chicken, fruit, and vegetables into the kitchens. Mr. Yu, the father, came forward and declared that, unworthy as he was, he had the honor to announce the marriage of his son with the daughter of important bankers, the Li Tang-hos.

'My son,' he added, 'has not seen her yet. His mother, as is the custom, has arranged everything. I hope that you will do us the great honor to attend the nuptial ceremonies.'

'Then is it not Miss Flowering Jade?' asked the doctor in astonishment.

'My son,' replied Mr. Yu carelessly, 'has decided for himself that that person was incapable of fulfilling the duties of wife and mother with dignity. He therefore asked us to choose a wife for him. It cost me more than two thousand piasters, five hundred of which went to the honorable Mr. Pou,' he continued, pulling at his water pipe, 'but I do not regret it. I must admit that Mr. Pou acted with the necessary address. He conducted my son to the house of Mrs. White Purity. It is an exquisite abode with a garden full of chrysanthemums and a lily pond with lotus flowers and goldfish. Mrs. White Purity had put

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on her best clothes, her richest jewels. She had great diamonds on her ears, but my son recognized that she was Miss Flowering Jade.'

Dr. Gervais did not reply. Old Mr. Yu's attitude seemed to show that he had a decidedly low opinion of the occidental mind.

'Old men,' he remarked, 'possess some slight amount of wisdom, especially when they can hand over two thousand piasters, fifteen hundred of which are now in the possession of Mrs. White Purity and the remainder in the hands of Mr. Pou. When my son told me that he would marry only a woman whom he had seen and chosen, I reflected that I should gain nothing by a front attack. All the advice, all the wisdom in the world cannot change the mad dreams of young people. He himself had to perceive the error he was about to commit. I therefore decided to enlist the aid of Mrs. White Purity. She put on the blue coat and black skirt of the students. She mingled with the demonstrators. The rest was a mere game for a woman who is expert in the art of seduction. A young man just out of school makes easy prey. You will therefore understand that when he saw his mistake he recognized that our prudent customs were not completely senseless. That is the way he prepared himself to marry the second daughter of my old friend, Li Tang-ho, though he had never seen her. If he does not like her, he will later take one or two concubines as I have. That is the custom that the centuries have taught us.'

Young Yu Mon-chin therefore married Miss Li, Number Two, on the day fixed by the priests; at almost the same time he handed in his resignation to Young China, the student society. He cast off his European clothes and returned to his long silk robe and the traditional hexagonal cap. Finally, he wrote only for the conservative newspapers, to which he contributed interesting documentary articles on the dissolute, barbarous customs of the West, on the disastrous influence they may have on uninformed minds, and on the merits of the old Chinese traditions.

I came across this story in a book entitled *Æsculapius in China* by Dr. Gervais, a serious piece of work. Its author has had a profound experience with the customs of the real China, the China of the interior, and he has a sympathy for that country that is all the more real because it has no illusions. In reading him I recalled what I once heard King Albert I of Belgium say. We were talking about men of another color than these celestials, but of a color not our own, and someone said, 'They are men like us.' To which he replied, 'They are men, but not like us.'

Here is a very wise axiom that should never be forgotten if one wishes to remain equitable, understanding, and well disposed.

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The Argentine author of a popular book on Buenos Aires shows how foreign capital and the slump in commodity prices have led his native country to ruin.

Argentina's TRAGEDY

By RAÚL SCALABRINI ORTIZ

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

UNTIL the year 1929 the Argentine Republic lived in complete confidence of the unlimited possibilities it possessed for future material development. The future was a fixed value that was quoted on the stock exchange. Members of the government wallowed in an optimism of plenty that they never thought to analyze. Nobody wanted to possess the fruits of his labor before enjoying them. Instead, these fruits were tasted in advance in the form of mortgages, bank credits, and loans of every description. We regarded the future as a possession that nobody could take away from us. Hence, we gave it a value in the present.

Unreasonable as this attitude may appear, it possessed a certain logic, for our present condition was just as uncertain as our future. Consciousness of material size filled us with a pride that had no real foundation. Ever since our youth, we knew the magic figures that expressed the extent of our possessions, for we learned them in school along with the more familiar dates in the history of American independence, and our pride turned to a sense of superiority when we compared ourselves with the poorer South American republics, on which we looked down with a certain secret contempt. We said to ourselves, 'Our railroads are 40,000 kilometres long,' and were seized with an elation the foolishness of which we have only just perceived.

Everything we believed rested on the same fantastic credulousness. This was the result of an educational system that was controlling more and more of the country while we thought that we were building on firm foundations. We saw the progress we had made staring us in the face. We saw the big refrigerator plants rising on the banks of the river. We saw the docks in our ports crowded with ships,

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and the smoke of our factories darkened the heavens. We saw our cities growing and our industries multiplying, and we became convinced that we were building, as if by magic, a future that was becoming more and more secure. It never occurred to anybody that this appearance of wealth might really be something quite distinct from the wealth of Argentina itself or, rather, that this sudden growth of wealth might be an indication of weakness rather than strength. At that time, however, any such doubts would have been relegated to the background. Nobody so much as thought of questioning who might be the real master. Capital seemed an unimportant detail, the only really important thing was to nourish the dream of unbounded prosperity that we had been brought up to believe.

The state did not make it difficult for the people to accept such naïve and superficial ideas. No law in Argentina distinguishes between Argentine capital and foreign capital. Ownership of property did not involve increased obligations of any kind, and this in a country where property enjoys an extraordinary amount of special privileges.

Argentine laws are like literary essays. Not one of them defines the actual position of the country. They hover over the land like a cloud and have no more connection or contact with it beyond the faint shadow that they occasionally cast. There are 12,000 laws in Argentina, but not one of them is framed to state any real national problem. Here is the best example—one that was framed in January, 1900, to cover the construction of grain elevators. This law gives the builder any number of advantages and privileges. He may import building material duty-free and purchase water-front property at ridiculously low prices, but at no point are any obligations on his part stated, and not a word is said about who shall receive the profit from these elevators or who should use them and for what purpose. Concerning such details the law says nothing. One almost believes that the legislators were filled by the purely æsthetic intention to give the Argentine landscape the curious profile of an endless chain of grain elevators.

This law is not exceptional. We need only recall that in Argentina, where agriculture and cattle raising are the chief occupations, no law had been written to protect these two basic industries until 1914, and that even to-day agricultural credit has not been organized. Mere governmental incapacity is not solely responsible for this casual attitude toward a national problem. Ignorance and inexperience have been cultivated by a subterranean power that underlies all official utterances. Here is a typical example. In the year 1916 the first estimate of the wealth of Argentina including land, cattle, railways, industrial concerns, and so forth came to a total of 34 billion pesos. 'If we divide this total figure by 9 million inhabitants, which I estimate to be the population of Argentina,' explained the census director, beaming with delight, 'we discover that there are 3,776 paper pesos per inhabitant.' The conclusion was that our nation was one of the richest in the world.

The only thing that the director of the census, and with him the Argentine Government, forgot was that the railways, the street cars, the telephone lines, and at least 50 per cent of the

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capital invested in industry and commerce were in the hands of foreigners, chiefly English. In the same burst of gusto he might have included with the national wealth of the Argentine Republic the English vessels that transport the agricultural products from the country and serve it just as much as the English railways do. He also forgot to include in his estimate the national loans that were held abroad. But the point was that such a vast quantity of wealth provided a powerful symbol of the optimism that had to be cultivated at any price. It was as if somebody had shouted to us, 'Only go forward; we are on the right path; don't bother about details,' and the country had gone with him.

Lack of any feeling for reality reached such proportions that the statisticians measured our wealth by the amount of loans that the English and North American bankers extended to us. 'We have been lent 2 million pounds sterling,' the newspapers proclaimed in enormous headlines. 'That is the best sign of our progress and of the confidence that our country arouses.'

In spite of their natural perception and intuition, the people had been so thoroughly prevented from understanding their real position that they had no basic assumption that would lead them to complain that the wealth of the nation was being handed over to foreigners and that some time this wealth must be reconquered with blood to save it from being contaminated forever after. Therefore, as long as private or national reserves could be offered as security for loans, the whole country dwelt in a deceptive atmosphere of unreality, optimism, and faith, though the people may have felt that invisible powers were checking their spontaneous development.

Since the political life of the country had been built up on such weak foundations, it was determined by purely emotional outbursts that had nothing to do with basic questions of general interest. No party came forward with an election programme in which the little needs of the individual found expression and which offered improvements and reforms. One political party succeeded another, and nothing happened except that a few outstanding personalities lost their jobs. The hostile forces insulted one another, made themselves ridiculous by calling each other names, and confined their attacks to exposing each other's private lives. The needs of the country did not enter into the contest, as if such matters were in the hands of the gods and did not concern the government. An election was a malicious, passionate exchange of personal insults and not a conflict between doctrines and directions. The great mass of the people, therefore, regarded this wretched struggle between the ins and the outs with indifference.

II

For sixty years, from 1853 to 1916, the government surrendering power had elected the succeeding government. The friends of the government, not its opponents, followed it in power. In 1916, thanks to an election reform that assured secret elections, the people for the first time succeeded in electing the candidate they wanted, Don Hipólito Irigoyen. In Irigoyen the first yearnings of the people toward freedom found expression. Freedom from what nobody knew, for

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under his rule with its liberal pretensions no visible burden oppressed the people. The people did not understand, and neither, unfortunately, did Irigoyen. He was a man of instinct who proceeded haphazardly and was just as likely to take a wrong step as a right one. He had raised the banner of political freedom and held it aloft as if economics would at once subordinate themselves. Under Irigoyen the uncertainty and unreality of Argentine politics were revealed with greater significance than ever before.

Until the moment he assumed power Irigoyen had never spoken in public. Neither were any of his writings known in which he had outlined his programme or defined any central idea that he would follow. His opinions were surrounded by the same mystery that surrounded his life. Nobody knew anything about the way he lived or even what he looked like, for until he was elected Irigoyen did not permit himself to be photographed. He had the same reluctance that Mohammed did toward having his person represented in pictorial form, and the fact is that his life, his conduct in office, his whole personality, and his rôle as a leader of the masses bore much more resemblance to the prophet of Arabia than to any politician of a European type. Like Mohammed he had spent thirty years in voluntary exile, like Mohammed he represented himself to the public as an uneducated man yet one who understood everything, like Mohammed he practised a confused, bombastic literary style full of sibylline images and had no hesitation in referring to himself as a high point in human history if not as an emissary of God. He had many a fond scholar and also enjoyed the protection of a rich lady. Finally, like Mohammed, he understood how to win the affection and loyalty of his people to such a degree that even after his death his name remains a symbol. To be on Irigoyen's side means to share his emotions and to be on the side of the people; to be against Irigoyen means to be against the people.

Either directly or through intermediaries Irigoyen ruled the country from 1916 to 1930 when he was overthrown by a miracle carried out by a handful of reckless people who succeeded in exploiting the crisis. The relentless reality of statistics brought about his downfall. Irigoyen was able to do little for the country. From the point of view of economics there was hardly any difference between his 'radical government,' as his young followers called themselves, and their predecessors. The new economic problems lay in a field beyond his comprehension, but the Argentine people never forgot that during the War Irigoyen maintained Argentine neutrality against storm and flood. He did not submit to the terrific pressure that the English Government brought to bear on foreign trade, on domestic trade, on the books written by a few intellectuals whose pens were for sale, and even on parliament.

This neutrality gave expression to a real national feeling, and it was the first indication of a stronger sense of reality. The interests of England, which had remained hidden behind that country's representatives in Argentina, began to diverge from the needs of Argentina itself. In spite of the infamous attacks on Irigoyen and although he spent the last two years of his life in prison and died when a

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hostile government was in power, a million Argentines turned out for Irigoyen's burial, filled with the grief of a nation that has lost a friend whom it could not thank during his lifetime.

In the summer of 1929, during Don Hipólito Irigoyen's second presidency, riots that could not be localized destroyed the happy balance of the Argentine social mechanism. The difficulties arising from an unbalanced economic system mounted like a flood and washed everything else before them. It began with a succession of apparently unrelated disturbances, curtailments of wasteful expenditure, and faint expressions of doubt in unbounded progress. Really alarming developments came a little later. After thirty-five years of stability the value of the peso began to decline for no apparent reason. For thirty-five years one pound sterling had cost 11.35 paper pesos, and now, as if by a miracle, the pound became more and more expensive—12 pesos, 13 pesos, 14 pesos.

Buenos Aires, the centre of activity, observed this phenomenon with the amazement of a child from whom a toy is taken away. Until then everyone had lived in the belief that the future could be mortgaged and concessions granted in exchange for loans, that public and private wealth could be handed over to foreign banks, when suddenly the wheels stopped moving. When the amazement had died down, the capital city felt its dynamic energy weakening. It was like the perplexity of a soul that has not yet regretted anything but that suddenly becomes conscious of its responsibility for certain deeds.

Opinion began to concentrate on more concrete themes. The city began to study its past more closely. It began to suspect that it had been the victim of some deception. Dates, figures, facts that no one had ever noticed were brought forward. Recognized financial experts could not explain why a currency that was covered by seventy per cent in gold and had remained hermetically sealed in the state bank could decline in value since there is an Argentine currency law forbidding any government from laying hands on the gold supply. The Government issued assurances that the decline of the peso was a good thing, since it raised the prices of farm products and gave local industry an advantage over foreign industry. But these clever arguments did not allay suspicions. The opposition pointed out that the currency is the true face of the country and that in it one can detect the signs of internal trouble. To reduce the budget, to cut expenses and save were all out of the question. The excitement found expression in deep extensive changes of opinion that undermined the stability of the Government.

III

After forty years of unbroken peace rumors of revolution spread over the peaceful land. People talked about uprisings and mutinies, although nobody knew who might lead them or what their aim might be. What would have seemed pure madness three or four years ago suddenly became plausible. Stimulated and driven on by unknown forces, the opposition press redoubled its attacks and openly called for revolution until the incredible happened.

On September 6, 1930, an unknown general gained possession of state

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power. He arrested the constitutional president, dissolved the legislature, and clapped the leaders of the Radical Party in jail. Barely a thousand men, most of them young fellows, cadets in the officers' training school, had brought the whole affair to pass. The nation looked confidently upon its new leaders but suspected that it had been swindled. The first measure of the new government confirmed these suspicions, but the people did not yet know just what the swindle was. The London *Times* asserted that General Uriburu's revolution was a lucky coup d'état effected by the big Argentine landowners with the backing of North American capital, but various Argentine newspapers denied this assertion violently. Nevertheless, it was beyond question that almost all of Uriburu's Ministers were connected with big North American enterprises, especially with the petroleum companies that had been Irigoyen's bitterest enemies, since his most important governmental acts had occurred in the course of his struggle against Standard Oil.

Either as an indication of what had really happened or as a warning of what might occur, the peso dropped still further on the London market. Then a glimmer of truth suddenly penetrated the darkness in which the Argentine people had lived for so long. They began to suspect, though somewhat dimly, that behind all the political positions certain powerful foreign interests had succeeded in attaining their aims.

Perhaps the foreign capitalists then abandoned their hope that they needed only to establish a firm government to be able to control their holdings. In any event, from that time to this, the country has lived as if in a state of siege. The people and their leaders are caught in a tight network of police interference, but all the while the spirit of nationalism grows because it is suppressed and after each outburst finds new power in its hopes for another outburst.

During the reign of General Uriburu's revolutionary government, which flouted the law and used the gold in the bank to satisfy North American and English creditors, various uprisings came to grief by reason of betrayals, for even the army began to suspect the truth. Until then patriotic feelings and symbols had been enlisted in behalf of English and North American dividends. Now, however, in place of this form of patriotism, which foreign creditors had exploited to their own advantage, a true conception of the real interests of the country emerged.

One of the most high-minded groups set as its aim the overthrow of Uriburu. General Justo, who had held the post of War Minister in the Radical Government, finally came into control of this organization, but a few days later the same General Justo was chosen official presidential candidate by the Uriburu Government for reasons that have not yet been explained, and the organization was dissolved. During the election in which the Radicals—that is to say the overwhelming majority of the voters—were deprived of their right to vote, General Justo was elected president of the republic. Constitutional government thus returned, though in an irregular fashion. The restoration of legal rule did not quiet the unrest, which was not due to dissatisfaction with the conduct of the elections.

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Something basic was trying to express itself in Argentina's public life. Economic realities became more and more important. Mere words lost their effectiveness when confronted by the cold tyrannical elegance of figures. These figures had to do with food and housing, with a certain level of well-being, a standard of living. And something more important was at stake, something that had not yet become quite clear, the right of ruling one's own country.

Oppressed by misery and bowed down by their various obligations, the people stopped trying to understand their real situation and gave clear expression to what they thought of their problems. They refused to listen to vague formulations. Something concrete was at stake. Why could n't the producer earn the interest on a debt that never amounted to more than 50 per cent of the value of his property, and why were his tools and means of production taken away from him in settlement?

Unable to expect any help from foreign sources, the producing classes analyzed their activity. They compared values, studied prices, estimated their debts. Gradually they came to individual conclusions. They discovered certain elementary truths from which they did not permit themselves to draw any social conclusions, but they were undeniable truths that affected them in every corner of their lives. Each individual felt that he was held captive by an unbreakable chain, that he was caught in a net from which there was no escape, a net of exploiters and parasites, exporters, refrigeration plants, railways, banks, and importers of agricultural machinery. Various details indicate the misery of the country. The grain growers and the cattle raisers, both being engaged in agriculture, asked themselves, 'Why do the prices of agricultural products fall while other prices remain constant? If our crisis is merely a part of the world crisis as the newspapers say, why don't other prices decline, too?'

England's consumption of food had not declined. The export of Argentine beef and mutton to Great Britain amounted to 574,550 tons in 1929 and, after a slight decline to 544,790 tons, again rose to 574,000 tons in 1933, but during this period the English and North American cold-storage warehouses paid the cattle raisers less and less. In 1929 the price was .32 pesos per kilogram; in 1933 only .14. And the price fall is even greater than the figures indicate, for in the same period the Argentine peso declined the same amount. The depreciation of the currency and the fall in prices made the cattle raiser helpless. For a gram of gold that he borrowed from England, he had to give in exchange 6 kilograms of meat in 1928. But, in order to pay back this same gram in 1933, he had to give 23 kilograms of meat. His debts thus quadrupled, and he felt that his overseas creditor was cheating him.

IV

The collapse in agriculture was no less hair-raising. Prices of grain and flax fell like an avalanche. The official average prices on the grain market show that wheat in 1928 brought 10.59 pesos per hundred kilograms and 5 pesos in 1933. For flax the price had fallen from 15.46 to 9.14 pesos during the same years, and for corn from 8.60 to 4.25 pesos. Like the cattle

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raiser, the farmer felt that he had a rope around his neck. Nor was this fall in prices due to the fact that his agricultural products were any less highly esteemed abroad. Overseas countries took the whole harvest as they always did. Hardly enough remained in Argentina to plant the next crop and to feed the population.

Individual truths do not affect the social mechanism until they have been defined and become identified with their own kind—in other words, until they have become part of an outburst of national spirit. From the ruins of the old materialistic optimism something greater was emerging on the soil of the Argentine Republic. A strong people was growing wise from the study of its own illness. Cattle raisers and farmers reached identical conclusions. Big landowners and poor tenants found themselves united in the same impotence and the same despair. The individual unconsciously tried to unite with others and strengthen himself in a many-sided defense against the invisible enemy that people suddenly saw penetrating the heart of Argentine life.

An emergency congress of more than 100,000 landowners known as Federación Agraria, which met in Rosario on November 7, 1933, openly proclaimed that 'at such prices harvesting not only yields the landowner no profit but even brings a loss.' These words did not exaggerate the facts. A few months previously Dr. Julio César Urien, the director of the bureau of agricultural statistics, made the same point in a very exhaustive study of production. According to his findings the minimum cost of seed, harvesting, interest payment, and fertilizer came to 7.23 pesos per hundred kilograms of wheat and 4.78 pesos per hundred kilograms of corn. With wheat selling at 5 pesos the farmer therefore lost 2.20 pesos per hundred kilograms, and with corn selling at 3.90 he lost almost a peso. Lower production costs seemed the most available remedy, but how could they be reduced? Closer study of the factors that determine production in Argentina led to a new discovery. Poverty had not reached every class of society. In the midst of widespread poverty small groups prospered. It so happened that the elements untouched by economic pressure were the middlemen, those who handled the finished product or worked on it industrially, and it also appeared that these firms were all in the hands of foreign capitalists, though their local directors, managers, and lawyers were Argentine citizens.

To maintain a bare livelihood the peasants had to keep selling part of their property while the big Argentine corporations for agriculture and cattle raising showed a gross profit of .9 per cent. In other words, they were actually losing between 5 and 8 per cent, since they were all burdened with old debts on which the interest charges remained constant. The English and North American refrigerating plants, on the other hand, made profits that allowed them to pay their stockholders dividends of 12 per cent. But Pedro T. Pagés, an engineer, made a thoroughly documented investigation comparing the prices in Smithfield, England, and in Argentina. Bringing forward evidence presented before the British House of Commons he showed that the refrigerating plants that bought Argentine meat during 1932 sold it at a profit of 93.42 per cent in England.

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The manufacturers of agricultural products had just as large an appetite for profits. The Molinos Harineros y Elevadores de Granos del Rio de la Plata showed in its last balance sheet, which appeared in 1930, a total profit of 71 per cent on its nominal capital. It is hardly necessary to add that this capital is in English hands.

The grain business has become concentrated in the hands of four firms whose capital and orientation give an accurate picture of foreign imperialist policy. They sell 81 per cent of the total grain production of the Argentine, and the total capital of these four foreign firms amounts to 55 million pesos. The public earnings, not including special payments to stockholders, loans to subsidiary corporations, and so on, came to 12.10 per cent for 1929, 11.83 per cent for 1930, and 13.55 per cent for 1931. This marked distinction in ability to pay has not remained unnoticed. At secret meetings the creators of the wealth of the nation study concrete facts, compiling their observations, comparing their experiences and figures. By proceeding in this way they have no fear of accepting any deceptive theories. The question is always general and inclusive. For whom are the Argentine people working?

At the station of Roberts, far out on the pampa of the western part of the province of Buenos Aires, a handbill was circulated during April of last year that gave an eloquent reply to the above question. 'Since 1930 the Argentine peasant has worked only in order to support that frightful bloodsucker of the nation, the English railway.' Then, by way of proof, came two groups of figures showing that the cost of transporting and storing wheat in Buenos Aires came to 40 per cent of the value of the wheat and that in the case of oats the cost was not less than 60 per cent of its value.

V

Here is an explanation for these extraordinary percentages. A commission to investigate farm conditions showed that railway tariffs had risen between 60 and 80 per cent above what they had been over the same stretch of track between 1913 and 1922. This meant that at a time when the price of raw materials was constantly falling and wages were dropping, when the cost of coal, machinery, and oil was declining, the English railways in Argentina raised their freight rates between 60 and 80 per cent. Nor have the railways any reason to maintain that their traffic has fallen off appreciably. For the years 1914, 1921, and 1932 the railways carried respectively 75, 88, and 151 million passengers and 33, 34, and 40 million tons of freight. As long ago as 1928 M. F. Castello, an engineer, drew attention to the unbearably heavy tariffs that the English railways charged in Argentina, representing them in the form of graphs that showed the existing tariffs to be 50 per cent above those in the United States, where wages are higher than in our country, and 100 per cent higher than in Canada, which has the same standard of living that we do and whose railroads are in the same hands. For shipping a hundred kilograms of wheat 700 kilometres the Argentine pays 1.70 pesos, the American pays the equivalent of 1.08 pesos, and the Canadian .75 pesos.

Clearly, the railways that hold the

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reins of the country in their hands are weeping crocodile tears. Their Argentine directors publish statements and partial balance sheets in which they try to show that they are losing money, but the people are gradually refusing to let themselves be deceived. They are coming to understand that the English railway companies are treating Argentina like a vanquished country. They are perceiving that the capital stock of the railways is being watered in order to conceal the profits that are being earned on the original capital. Finally, they are understanding that a large part of the profits are being exported from the country in the form of produce.

Their own lawyers plead in vain on behalf of these foreigners while the nation performs a simple mathematical problem. An Argentine capitalist who had land, animals, and tools worth 300,000 pesos in 1928 has so little money to-day that his position borders on outright poverty, and he is able to live only by getting rid of his property at a fraction of its value. The English capitalist, on the other hand, with Argentine railway obligations valued at 27,000 pounds sterling, is as rich a man as ever. This fact cannot be talked out of the world, and it symbolizes the situation of the country as a whole. Even the most stupid now perceive the truth.

Time was when the farm crisis had not penetrated the city limits. The high wages earned by white-collar workers and the favorable trade balance dulled its shock, but Buenos Aires could not hold out for long, and poverty finally spread like a pestilence. The birth rate dropped from 30.1 per thousand in 1929 to 28.8 in 1931. Crime increased by leaps and bounds. Official police figures showed 14,405 crimes in 1929 and 20,874 in 1931. Buenos Aires was horrified. Until then it had believed in the illusion of its automatically increasing wealth. The land was so far away that it seemed foreign, it figured merely as an intellectual problem or a release for one's emotions. But now the city discovered that its prosperity depended on the rural districts. The city saw that it, too, was a fruit of the pampa, like a huge sheaf of wheat or a great ear of corn. When it had recognized its community with the country, the city again took charge and began investigating what had happened. The newspapers reluctantly published investigations that aroused the curiosity of the masses. The young people eagerly discussed problems that used to seem tiresome. One economic study after another appeared. Each one tried to improve on its predecessor.

This bright light made it easy to discover what was foreign, and it became an exciting game to expose the extortions of foreign capitalists. The people took a morbid kind of pleasure in reading that the local branch of the National City Bank of New York had doubled its capital in five years and had paid 100 per cent dividends from 1928 to 1932. Almost immediately the memory of the past came to life, though it was revealed in a new light and with new significance. People recalled the Cooperativa de Teléfonos, a company with Argentine capital that had gone bankrupt competing against the Unión Telefónica, controlled by English capital. People remembered that the shipping company of Nicholas Mihanovich, Ltd. had driven its competitors off the

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river until it ruled alone with its expensive rates. At last people perceived that the country had fallen into the hands of foreign capitalists working secretly behind such deceptive firm names as the Argentine Central Railroad and the Argentine Portland Cement Factory.

This was the result of liberal statesmanship. The people finally had to understand that the economic factor can operate exactly as a war and that a country can be conquered with money as well as with guns. A new will awoke in the Argentine spirit. Economic nationalism appeared.

Original Sin

By JOHN MACOMISH

From the *Listener*, Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

IF MY grief were a horn
I would blow down it,
down to the gentle end of the last soothing coil.

If my sin could be torn
out, I would drown it
deep in the sucking ooze that buries care and toil.

But the disease was born
and grew with me, a thorn
inside me; if I frown on it
I am also the crown on it,
the jewel in it, bound fast to this supporting foil;
and if I tramp on it, it is yet my native soil.

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Spain underwent a counter-revolution last fall. A native son suggests that it will be revolution the next time.

Spain *between* Revolutions

By JOAQUIN MAURIN

Translated from *Europe*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

THE Spanish Revolution has gone through several important phases. The first phase began with the fall of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship four years ago and lasted until the proclamation of the Republic on April 14, 1931. It was marked by a great social and political offensive, in which the labor movement and the middle class joined forces. The second phase lasted until August, 1932, when a military coup d'état was attempted. During this time the Socialists enjoyed power and tried to give a great impetus to the democratic revolution. Finally, the last phase, which has continued up to now, is the one in which reaction has gained ground and tried to reconquer the positions it lost since the installation of the Republican régime. We shall, therefore, study the aspects and particulars of this last period.

On August 10, 1932, General Sanjurjo revolted. He had been an outspoken advocate of the monarchy and a lieutenant of Primo de Rivera's, who had rallied to the Republic at the last moment but had remained an instrument of the big landowning interests and of the Church, which had been seriously menaced by the revolutionary movement. He failed, was arrested, tried, and condemned to life imprisonment. Landed property and the Church, which had constituted the basis of the monarchy, had tried to defend themselves when they felt in danger. The defeat of Sanjurjo and several other insurgent officers gave food for thought to the reactionary forces who counted on the classic Spanish *pronunciamiento* as their means of regaining power. But since Primo de Rivera's coup d'état historic circumstances had undergone great changes, and the *pronunciamiento* now seemed an outgrown, useless weapon.

The reaction therefore changed its tactics. It gave up trying to take the Republic by assault and assumed the offensive from within. Thus, the counter-revolution, which had re-

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mained in the hands of the soldiers up to August, 1932, passed into the hands of the Church, especially the Jesuits. The counter-revolution had compelled the retirement of the generals of the old régime, but a new force appeared, more intelligent, more modern—the Popular Action Party, representing the interests of landed property and the Church.

II

Sanjurjo was in prison. A new Jesuit recruit, José María Gil Robles, a young, ambitious Catholic deputy in the Republican parliament, rapidly emerged from obscurity and tried to play the rôle of the Spanish *Führer*. The reactionaries who had been disconcerted during the early stages of the republic grouped themselves around Gil Robles after the failure of August 10. He then embarked on two lines of action, one parliamentary, the other outside parliament. At the head of a small minority in parliament he systematically obstructed the Azaña Government, which, being sure of its majority, was deluded into encouraging the opposition of a reactionary group.

Gil Robles used parliament but never formed a taste for it, since he regarded it as a means rather than an end. Entering political life under the pseudo-Fascist dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, educated and directed by Jesuits, influenced by Hitler's National-Socialism, Gil Robles and the elements around him knew that parliament must be taken by violent assault. The extra-parliamentary activity of the Popular Action Party intensified enormously during the latter half of 1932 and throughout 1933. Its activities were confined chiefly to the centre of the peninsula and never produced great results in the outlying provinces.

Gil Robles was maintained by the landed proprietors who were threatened with expropriation by the agrarian reform, and in every village he could count on the unconditional support of the priest. In the cities the upper middle class, the fallen nobility, the convents, and the young Catholics joined their ranks. Azaña's Republican Government, unlike the Popular Action, was hypnotized by parliament and abandoned the Spanish villages to the tenacious, constant influence of counter-revolution. In Madrid the reaction had powerful allies. The newspapers of large circulation were at its disposal and made continual propaganda in its favor.

The Socialist-Republican Government that had kept on the offensive up to August, 1932, began to weaken. It granted concessions to its adversaries, withdrew them, and finally placed itself on the defensive. Gil Robles attacked. His movement prospered. The Radical-Republican Party virtually adopted the political plan outlined by Gil Robles.

The reaction then raised the slogan, 'dissolve the Cortes,' which found a favorable response since the constitutional assembly had not satisfied anybody. Revolutionary problems had been smothered in the flowery rhetoric of lawyers. In the municipal elections of April, 1933, which took place in only one-fifth of the country, the Government was defeated. The opposition parties, the Popular Action and the Radicals, triumphed.

The life of Azaña's rule became precarious. He had lost the support of public opinion. General discontent

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was increasing. A profound economic illness expressed itself in the growing irritation of workers, who protested against the attitude of the Socialist members of the Government. As for the middle class, it turned toward the Radical Party, led by Lerroux, and even more toward Gil Robles. Nevertheless, Azaña remained in power though he had become a prisoner of the Right-wing parties. In September, 1933, a new reactionary victory overthrew him.

Yet in spite of its growing force the counter-revolution was not yet ready to seize power. Technically, it could not even count on the army and therefore adopted jesuitical tactics again. Lerroux, the head of the Radical Party, was to be considered the savior of Spain. After a long series of political vicissitudes the Cortes was dissolved, and new general elections took place. The Republican parties were routed, and the Socialist representatives cut almost in two. The Radical Party held its ground. Gil Robles saw his party rise to the top, and he became arbiter of parliament. Monarchist, reactionary, and Fascist elements thus invaded the new Republican parliament. Gil Robles offered his support to the Lerroux Government on the condition that it would abolish all the laws that the constituent Cortes had voted. Lerroux then proceeded to govern under the orders of Gil Robles.

The two moving forces of revolution, the proletariat and the peasantry, accomplished nothing between 1931 and 1933 because of the division of the working class, the collaboration of the Socialists in the Government, and the parliamentary illusion, all of which circumstances encouraged the reaction to win back the position that it lost in 1931. But, when the Azaña Government fell, a very serious change occurred in the labor movement. The Socialists broke off all contact with the Republican parties, and this swing to the Left forced the Socialists to demand seizure of power by insurrection. The workers saw the necessity of united action, which is summed up in the formula, 'united front.' After the elections an obvious contradiction therefore developed between the new reactionary parliament and the relationship of forces outside parliament. The labor movement remained intact, but its internal divisions in the face of a more homogeneous middle class lost it the decisive position it once held in the Cortes. On the other hand, after two years of experience the working class lost all confidence in parliament. It believed only in extra-parliamentary action.

In December the Labor Alliance, a united front of Socialists, Opposition Communists, and Syndicalists, was established in Catalonia, an important industrial region. This step had tremendous repercussions throughout the country. Valencia and the Asturias followed suit. The labor offensive began in January, 1934. Strikes of an economic and political character broke out all over the country. They kept increasing in extent and in intensity. Often these movements had no other object than to protest against the policy of the reaction. Often they were moved by a desire for economic revenge, but they ended by acquiring a political character. During February, March, and April the strikes assumed extraordinary proportions. The working class regained confidence in itself outside of parliament.

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The poor peasants who had placed all their hopes in the agrarian reform that the Cortes had voted were quickly deceived. The promised land seemed out of reach. Hunger spread through the countryside. Almost half a million peasants, chiefly in Castile and Andalusia, found themselves without land or bread. When they foraged for acorns in the woods to allay their hunger, the Civil Guard chased them away with gunfire. When they demanded work, the proprietors replied with a haughty and insolent refusal.

The tragedy reached the point of paroxysm in the Spanish and Andalusian villages. Violent clashes occurred between the hungry workers and the state officials. The desperate peasants had lost their faith in parliament. They, too, hoped for salvation by revolutionary action and by a profound transformation in the economic and social régime. In so far as the peasants and workers had confidence in themselves and considered parliament as the centre of counter-revolution the problem became simple and presented itself implacably. In the fields and in the streets the workers gave undeniable proof of their preponderant power. In parliament the reactionaries manipulated the Radical Government.

The antagonism between these two forces, the one in power and the other directing extra-parliamentary activity, characterizes the present historical moment. Parliament increases its reactionary measures, adds every day to the reserve forces of the state,—the police and militia, and so on,—but outside parliament the attack by the labor movement becomes increasingly intense. At another period such repressive laws would have defeated the forces of labor, but now they do no good. The declaration of a state of alarm, which has existed almost without interruption since December, 1933, has not been able to check the revolutionary tide.

III

The reactionary movement led by Gil Robles, fearing to lose its control of parliament because of the revolutionary activity of the working class, has tried to transform itself into Spanish Fascism, but Fascism cannot be improvised. To be sure, many conditions favorable to its development exist in Spain—economic catastrophe, unemployment, failure of the middle-class revolution, an unpopular parliament, and a divided working class, but other elements that are probably indispensable cannot be found. Here in Spain we have no extreme nationalism such as one finds in Italy and Germany. A fundamental contradiction exists between the interests of the two middle-class forces that really want to implant Fascism, the landed proprietors and big industry. A great divergence also exists among the Fascists themselves on the question of republic versus monarchy. The pragmatic republicanism of Gil Robles provokes the fury of the monarchist elements. Finally, Fascism as incarnated by Gil Robles is born of an openly reactionary movement and has no popular base. Another important factor may check its progress: not long ago Spain knew what Fascism meant. Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, which lasted from 1923 to 1931, actually possessed a Fascist character, and Spain knows from experience what this signifies and where it leads.

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In Italy and Germany Fascism rested from the outset on the lower middle class, which had been ruined by the War and its economic consequences. But hardly any Spanish lower middle class exists. There exist, on the one hand, a proletariat and a peasantry, both of which are extremely poor and exploited, and, on the other hand, the vestiges of feudalism, the Church, and big industry. Fascism grows by first recruiting the famished lower middle class and then attracting the more unstable and hesitant proletarian elements. Therefore, Spanish Fascism lacks the prime necessity to pass from theory into practice.

Gil Robles, who wants to imitate Dollfuss and create Fascism by order of the Vatican, cannot improvise the necessary conditions. Nevertheless, the reactionary Spanish middle class has concluded that democratic forms cannot function any longer and that Fascism is the only possible outcome. Primo de Rivera's military dictatorship was the first ambitious attempt and ended in the Republic and the menace of a Socialist revolution. The new plan therefore consists of using parliament as a brake, of making it dissolve legally the few reforms that the Cortes enacted, while Fascist organizations are prepared to save the imperiled nation.

The first Fascist demonstration took place on April 23 in the Escorial, a few miles from the capital. Gil Robles laid plans for a future march on Madrid. This meeting, of which great things were expected, marked the first step toward a Fascist concentration throughout Spain, but it ended in a real defeat. Gil Robles did not succeed in recruiting more than 20,000 people throughout the entire country. The consequences of this event soon became evident. A series of splits occurred between the President of the Republic and Prime Minister Lerroux on the subject of the pardons that parliament had granted to the insurgent monarchists of August 10, 1932. Lerroux had to resign and was replaced by an unknown minister without any personality, Samper, to tide over a brief period of transition. More recently the Radical Party, to which both Lerroux and Samper belong, divided. One of its leaders, Martinez Barrios, a former Prime Minister representing the Left wing, quit the party with considerable feeling. The crisis in the Radical Party led to the fall of the Samper Ministry and to further political complications.

After three years of the Republic, Spain confronts the same problems that existed when the monarchy fell and the Republic began in 1930 and 1931. During this lapse of time state expenditures have increased 800 million pesetas. The budget shows a growing deficit, taxes have multiplied, foreign trade is reduced to the proportions of twenty years ago and is also unfavorable. Nearly a million men, half of them agricultural workers, have no jobs. The distress is growing rapidly. In the countryside hunger has caused real ravages. It seems as if a period that we thought had passed forever were returning. The Spanish crisis is not merely a question of the political régime. It is primarily a question of the economic and social régime. Fascism or socialism, that is the dilemma. The final victory will go to the forces that are able to concentrate most rapidly.

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BOOKS ABROAD

EGYPT SINCE CROMER. *By Lord Lloyd. London: The Macmillan Company. 1934.*

(Harold Nicolson in the *Sunday Times*, London)

THE first volume of Lord Lloyd's study of Anglo-Egyptian relations dealt with the period from May, 1907, when Lord Cromer resigned, to December, 1919, when the Milner Mission so regrettably arrived at Alexandria. In this second volume he continues the story of events from 1919 to 1929.

In the preceding volume Lord Lloyd furnished a clear narrative, based mainly upon research and enriched by many suggestions regarding the philosophy of empire. His present book, while it also combines accuracy of detail with analysis of principle, is even more instructive. The narrative portions are fortified by personal experience; the element of individuality gives to the whole story a more dramatic concentration; and the conflict between administration and democracy, between authority and consent, is emphasized in extreme, and therefore simple, terms. The book is concurrently a history, a personal explanation, a criticism of democratic policy, and a cautionary tale.

As a narrative of events this second volume is as clear and readable as its predecessor. Lord Lloyd has been at immense pains to verify and coördinate his facts and to reduce them to their simplest elements. Thus, even the reader ignorant of the confused tangle of Egyptian internal and external politics can follow the story without trouble or confusion.

Even more difficult is the task of making a personal explanation without conveying the impression of rancor, apology, or distortion of values. The misunderstandings that arose between Lord Lloyd, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and subsequently Mr. Henderson lend themselves to controversial treatment. Lord Lloyd does not pretend that his dismissal (for it amounted to that) has left behind it no sense of ill-usage. He does not conceal his impression that the Foreign Office treated him with lack of consideration and even of candor. Yet his resentment is neither petty nor vindictive. And he provides the reader with full material for judging the other side of the case. It may be impossible to comment impartially upon a controversy in which one has been deeply engaged, but the fairness of Lord Lloyd's presentation is worthy of all esteem.

It is, however, as a criticism of democratic policy that this book will exercise the deepest and most enduring influence. No story could be more illustrative of the inability of a democratic government to adhere calmly to its own declared policy. Lord Lloyd went out to Egypt with instructions to maintain the *status quo* established by our unilateral declaration of February, 1922. Under that declaration we 'reserved' certain imperial necessities (the Canal, protection of foreigners, the Sudan, etc.), and our intention was, having reduced our responsibilities to a minimum, to maintain that

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minimum with silent determination. Lord Lloyd was prepared to execute that policy, but he viewed with dismay the successive retreat and advance indulged in by the home Government.

With his own expert knowledge of Oriental mentality, he was aware that a policy of 'watchful waiting' was the only policy that could lead to an ultimate settlement of the Egyptian question. He knew that to the eastern mind 'power means direct and personal power,' and that any 'liberal interpretation of the 1922 declaration' would only be interpreted as a sign of weakness. He knew also that the slightest crumbling in the cement of our entrenchments would lead at once to erosion—to that rodent nibbling at which the Oriental is so expert. 'The Egyptian,' writes Lord Lloyd, 'loves bargaining, he approaches it with a glint of confidence in his eyes.'

The Government at home did not share Lord Lloyd's patience or tenacity. 'For London,' he writes, 'a demonstrable necessity meant a necessity that those ignorant of the special conditions of the Egyptian problem would accept.' They addressed telegrams to Zaghlul of 'expansive benevolence'; they allowed the Egyptians to see that we were all too anxious for some agreement by consent; they manifested a desire 'to get rid of responsibilities that superficially appear to bring no material profit,' and then they vacillated. At one moment they would be sending *H.M.S. Resolute* to Alexandria; at the next they would be negotiating with Sarwat behind the back of their own high commissioner in Egypt. One week they would offer Egypt the gauntlet, and the next week they would offer her an empty velvet glove. It is not surprising that Lord Lloyd felt that the whole fabric of his Fabian policy was being destroyed.

There is, of course, much to be said upon the other side. Lord Lloyd was preoccupied solely with the Egyptian problem; the Government was also sensitive to Parliamentary and foreign opinion. Lord Lloyd was perfectly willing to remain behind his 1922 trenches and to wait until the Egyptians sued for terms of peace. The Government, being also preoccupied with political theory, were never quite certain whether the 1922 position represented an unassailable position or a false position. It was not a trench in which they felt completely at their ease. Lord Lloyd believed profoundly in the creed of imperial responsibility; the Government, although not with equal profundity, believed in 'a broken idol,' in 'a western schoolman's theory' of self-determination. This divergence of intention could not fail to widen into a gulf.

What lessons are to be derived from this intelligent and authoritative book? They are these. That our control is based upon authority and justified, not by consent, but by good administration. Once the claims of good administration are subordinated to the claims of political theory, once we apply to Oriental countries those processes of reasoning that we apply to ourselves, once we believe that we can achieve anything by promises, however liberal, then we have destroyed the basis of our own control and are faced by the alternatives of evacuation or military force.

These are the alternatives that no democratic government has as yet been prepared to face. The implica-

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tions of Lord Lloyd's study are thus as important as its statements. The book does more than merely illumine past events; it casts a beam upon the perplexities of the future.

THE ROCK. *By T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber. 1934.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

EVIDENTLY Mr. Eliot has prepared, step by step, to enter the theatre. *The Rock* is not actually a drama, being first a pageant, but it is a work for the stage and may be regarded—Mr. Eliot having advanced so far—as a notable demonstration of possibilities. That his approach has been deliberate, preceded by much critical examination, is apparent from previous writings.

The contemporary theatre presented him with two obstacles: first, the dislike or fear of poetry on the stage; second, the lack of a recognized morality either on the stage or in the audience. The dramatists of to-day mostly write for 'plutocratic St. Moritzers.' The regular theatre therefore did not provide an immediate objective, for without poetry or traditional morals he could not work. Perhaps, in order to seek guidance for his advance, he made his study of former dramatists, especially the Elizabethan, and within recent years enunciated his discovery that poetry and drama are not contradictory, as this century assumes: the best drama is in fact that which comes nearest to poetry, and *vice versa*. This declaration gave confidence for experiment, and he wrote several fragments. But now the request to write for a church audience, in support of a church-extension campaign, solved for him the second problem—at least for the occasion: Christianity was present on both sides of the curtain.

Mr. Eliot is not alone among modern writers in desiring a poetic drama. And internal evidence shows him sensitive to what others are doing, to the ground won, the methods employed. His genius, indeed, might be said to rest on a careful regard of other artists, predecessors and contemporaries. He balances two forms of awareness, which might be described as horizontal and vertical, more nicely than anyone to-day. In this play the vertical (or past) influences are obvious and gloried in. Liturgy, which gave birth to English drama, is a model; there is antiphonal use of choric speaking; and many scenes, which are all linked on the theme of church building, contain portions of actual liturgy. The Latin ritual for taking the cross for the Crusades is bodily inserted. There are also bits of sermons. Early moralities authorize comic relief to the most serious intentions; and that relief, naturally enough, is expressed in terms of the music-hall and pantomime we know. The cockney builders of a church, which is gradually erected as the pageant proceeds, are ready to indulge in jokes, arguments, songs, and humble reverence, as required. Each difficulty in church building is illustrated by a scene showing a similar (or worse) difficulty overcome in the past. Liturgical chanting and mime are used in these scenes, which include such occasions as Mellitus's conversion of London, Rahere's building of St. Bartholomew's, the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and the Danish invasion of England.

As already suggested, awareness of

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present writers is shown. With them, what might be called the modest or non-sublime approach to poetic drama has become almost a convention. They take the popular stage forms to-day (the modern 'folk' forms), such as musical comedy or revue, and use them as a basis. There was recently Mr. O'Casey's *Within the Gates;* and echoes of its sing-song choruses, its pervasive harping on modern down-and-outs find their way into *The Rock*, as:—

> In this land
> There shall be one cigarette to two men,
> To two women one half-pint of bitter
> Ale.

Mr. W. H. Auden is another experimenter; he is marked by strangeness and an arrogant threatening of a doomed society, as he sees it. Him, too, Mr. Eliot recalls on occasion:—

> Though you forget the way to the Temple
> There is one who remembers the way to
> your door.

His gift of parody may unconsciously lead him to this. But conscious parody appears elsewhere, as in the Communists' verses—typographically parodied also.

The scene where this occurs, set in 1934, is most characteristic of the Eliot known through his poems. (It should be made clear that the scenario is by another hand, Mr. E. Martin Browne; Mr. Eliot is author 'only of the words.' As he explains, 'Of only one scene am I literally the author,' and this modern scene is presumably the one.) The chorus, despondent, wonder if the young offer hope of better things. Bands of Redshirts and Blackshirts are questioned. Their replies are, with exaggeration, unsatisfactory. The chorus says: 'There seems no hope from those who march in step.' A Plutocrat enters, criticizes the Church, and, instead, offers to the crowd a golden calf, for which they fight. As a comment on our modern situation, it cannot be said that in this the pessimism of 'The Waste Land' has been abandoned.

Mr. Eliot takes a hard view of the Christian struggle. The emphasis of his chorus counters the optimistic scenario, an emphasis such as is expressed in:—

> The desert is not remote in southern
> tropics,
> The desert is not only around the corner,
> The desert is squeezed in the tube-train
> next to you,
> Squeezed like tooth paste in the tube-train
> next to you.

These choruses, as the publisher points out, exceed in length any of his previous poetry, and on the stage at Sadler's Wells they prove the most vital part of the performance, being excellently spoken. They combine the sweep of psalmody with the exact employment of colloquial words. They are lightly written, as though whispered to the paper, yet are forcible to enunciate:—

> Where My Word is unspoken
> In the land of lobelias and tennis flannels
> The rabbit shall burrow and the thorn
> revisit,
> The nettle shall flourish on the gravel
> court,
> And the wind shall say: 'Here were decent
> godless people:
> Their only monument the asphalt road
> And a thousand lost golf balls.'

In *The Rock* Mr. Eliot's success is certainly lyrical; the action scenes have immaturities and faults, for which, on account of collaborators, he may not be entirely blameworthy. The cockney humor is often curiously

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feeble; sometimes alien points of view, such as the Agitator's, are thinly projected. But with his use of the chorus he has regained a lost territory for the drama. Nor is it only satiric, as the tender music of the closing scene may exemplify:—

> In our rhythm of earthly life we tire of light. We are glad when the day ends, when the play ends; and ecstasy is too much pain.
> We are children quickly tired: children who are up in the night and fall asleep as the rocket is fired; and the day is long for work or play.
> We tire of distraction or concentration, we sleep and are glad to sleep.

Mr. Eliot, having at last entered the theatre, may well continue toward a proper play in verse. There is exhibited here a command of novel and musical, dramatic speech that, considered alone, is an exceptional achievement.

LA RÉVOLUTION MONDIALE ET LA RESPONSABILITÉ DE L'ESPRIT. *By Count Hermann Keyserling. Paris: Librairie Stock. 1934.*

(Max Rychner in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich)

LAST October a congress assembled in Paris under the direction of Paul Valéry to study the future of the European spirit. Count Hermann Keyserling represented Germany, and his speech on the revolutionary world process and the responsibility of the spirit aroused the most intense interest, for it developed for the first time a new profound insight into the relationships, events, and possibilities of the present time. Since then a book by Keyserling has appeared, entitled *The World Revolution and the Responsibility of the Spirit*. Paul Valéry writes a foreword, stating that Keyserling's passionate activity and desire for understanding assure him a place in the front ranks of those fortunate unfortunates whose fate it is to lead spirits to the spirit. An Italian edition of the book is also to appear.

Keyserling has a wonderfully sensitive set of antennæ that perceive and register the most delicate spiritual and intellectual disturbances from every side. But that alone is not enough. The sensitive man who lacks understanding faces a confusing mass of phenomena and falls into despair or skepticism. Hence, understanding is to Keyserling a central problem, which he attacks passionately in all his books. It is not a question of individual psychology or, at least, not only that. It is a direct extension of Wilhelm Dilthey's concept of the understanding, which was so helpful in making history comprehensible in terms of the present, gave us a better understanding of current events, and thus made it possible for us to determine our own present and future. But it is not enough merely to understand. Keyserling is what Ortega has also been called—an 'inciter,' whose face is already turned toward the future. The pressure of what is yet unborn impels him, and he makes all of us who are free to reach the decisions on which to-morrow will depend conscious of the responsibility that our spiritual existence lays upon us.

In the confusion of the modern world there is an underlying desire for orientation, for understanding the significance of what seem to be blind occurrences. Even superficial natures perceive that underlying forces produce surface changes and that coming events cast their shadows before

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them. In a book entitled *Politics, Economics, and Wisdom*, which first appeared in 1922 and has just been reprinted, Keyserling prophesied the end of German parliamentarianism, the change to the authoritarian state, the transformation of pacifist enthusiasm into something more heroic, the probability of state socialism in Germany, the lack of any prospects for what is known as reaction, and a strong tendency to overcome class struggle. It was not that he prophesied the structure of the present Reich; he simply detected certain subterranean powers that were working at that time, and he knew how to measure them. He made some mistakes, but all of them have a certain value when they are rightly understood.

In that book Keyserling spoke of the 'vertical rise' of the lower social orders, which he described as the 'most powerful popular migration the world has ever seen.' This vertical migration continues, but its significance is not purely sociological. It amounts to an outburst of earthy forces, of vital streams. The masses place vital values above cultural values, and, since the masses are more important than they ever have been, they are endangered by their own elemental content. Indications of this could be detected even before the War, one sign being the renaissance of conscious heathenism as presented in Italy by Giulio Evola's *Heathen Imperialism*, in France by Charles Maurras, who did not hesitate to undertake the conflict with the Church, and in Germany by the Nordic myth. We are also witnessing the revolt of youth against age, of the unconscious against the conscious, of the blood against the spirit, of the mass against the individual, of the irrational against the understanding. Does this mean that we have no choice but to bury our heads in the sand? Not at all.

The fundamental virtues of the spirit are courage and faith. Initiative is its element of life. But courage and faith also characterize the life-feeling of the modern younger generation, so that agreement exists at the very start. Moreover, the youth of to-day is primarily inclined to bow passively to the will of another. It wants leadership and subordination. The masses can be led only by other than spiritual values, which must be reintegrated to conform to new conditions. The man of intelligence has a great responsibility: 'intelligence is an obligation.' The attitude of pure opposition and negation to what is new is meaningless and lifeless.

The collapse that we are undergoing is essentially a mutation. A physiologically new type of man is emerging upon the stage of history. This type is most clearly marked in Germany, where the whole process is taking a definite national form. An outstanding leader in the Nazi movement once said to me, 'We National Socialists all smell alike. It is something more than a matter of uniforms or dogmatic beliefs. What is common to us lies deeper down. Spiritually, we all belong to the same family. Within three seconds after meeting anyone for the first time, we know whether he really belongs to us or not.'

One can see everywhere that a fundamental psychological change is underway; hence the reaction of unrest, anxiety, superficial desire, confidence, and unrestrained outbursts. An extrovert era will now be followed by an introvert era, a period of sub-

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jectivity is about to follow a period of objectivity. During the German Revolution I heard a speaker rail against 'that damned objectivity,' this primitive outburst being a symptom of just what Keyserling has in mind.

The modern man feels himself hemmed in by objects of all kinds, by conceptions that no longer correspond to life, by agreements, organizations, and laws, by machines that ought to be his slaves but that are beginning to rule over him. By thinking in terms of facts men had cut themselves away from their ultimate and highest activity. They had handed themselves over to a world of things. Such expressions as 'the logic of things,' the 'impact of circumstances' became commonplaces during this historical epoch. Discontent increased and acquired explosive power, people recognized more and more that the primary realities are of a spiritual nature. To Keyserling this seems to indicate that a psychological era is about to follow the era of facts, or that humanity, having explored its uttermost depths, is about to turn to religion. As a historical analogy he frequently refers to the early Christian period. The present time is equally sensitive, and we are filled with yearning for the advent of some savior. By recognizing this condition, the spirit becomes conscious of its own responsibility. Unless it takes the initiative, everything may fall into chaos, senselessness, or destruction.

Keyserling's *World Revolution* is packed with profound observations on the modern world, and all the wealth it contains cannot be sketched fully here. It is a consoling and heartening book to all who have felt that we are subject to a blind and senseless destiny. Keyserling's brilliant intuitive understanding of world relationships illuminates the importance of each individual manifestation he describes. Mere idealistic constructions do not come to grips with any reality. They make nobody's pulse beat faster and change no one. Meanwhile, the stage of history is the interior of the individual. Perhaps Nietzsche's words are coming true: 'Ideas that arrive on the feet of doves will conquer the world.'

LE CAPITAINE DURBAN. *By Guy Mazeline. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1934.*

(Gabriel Marcel in the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

I ADMIT that I never could finish *Les Loups*. The inaccuracy of the style, the elaborate grouping, the general heaviness of the narrative built an opaque partition between the book and me, a barrier that all the good will in the world could not help me overthrow. I was angry at myself for not being able to share the enthusiasm of certain critics, whose sincerity cannot be questioned. But a bad conscience is often just another obstacle in the reader's way; it stands between him and the work he would like to assimilate.

I unhesitatingly affirm that *Captain Durban* shows tremendous progress when compared to *Les Loups*, which it follows. This great cyclic novel is not yet completed, however, and we may expect at least one more volume, which is to be called the *Iles du Matin*. It seems obvious to me that Mazeline took the criticism that was made of his former book to heart and watched his style more carefully. Consequently, I noticed fewer examples of negligence,

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though I do regret that the author still uses that horrible adjective, '*difficultueux*.' But that is not all. The narrative is infinitely easier, and the inner friction that one felt in the earlier volume has almost disappeared. *Captain Durban* is the work of a master novelist, and when I think of M. Mazeline's early books, particularly the *Royaume près de la Mer*, I am filled with admiration. Few literary careers present such lucid, such perseverant effort. It is obvious that this effort was made possible only by a powerful imaginative gift, which did not appear to full advantage at the beginning of the author's career.

I do not mean that *Captain Durban* is an entirely successful book. But the flow of the narrative is sufficiently powerful for us to forgive the author his partial shortcomings. We have here a fragment, the unity of which is consequently difficult to perceive and to define. Can we affirm that the man whose name gives the book its title is really the hero? I should hesitate to say so. This book does not focus on an individual but on a group of human beings bound to each other in different relationships. In this way M. Mazeline's novel is closer to certain great foreign novels than to French prototypes. It is, one might say, a 'forked' novel. The first part describes Captain Durban's nautical preparations, as well as those of his crew, and the circumstances that attend their departure, even in the case of characters who will not actually sail on the *Macouba*. In the second half we have chapters describing the ship's voyage and its destruction alternating with chapters that relate to the drama that is being unfolded in the captain's family. The last pages of the book show us the captain, whom his family thought dead, returning to his people. Such is the general outline. Let us now discover in what zones our interest is concentrated.

As far as I am concerned I cannot say that the personality of Captain Durban became intensely vivid. But we are told that he is not only a man with great personal prestige but one who knows how to wield authority, as he shows in the course of the shipwreck. We have at this point a series of scenes that seem to me highly effective, but my ignorance of the things of the sea is so complete that I do not dare give an opinion concerning the plausibility of this part of the narrative. Nor can I say that I took special interest in the character of Agnès Romeo, the singer, who was offended by the captain's not giving her his arm to lead her on board the *Macouba* (this is back in 1894) and who makes Durban pay dearly for his unpardonably bad manners. Generally speaking, pure anecdote plays far too great a rôle in M. Mazeline's book. His vivid imagination takes hold of a scene, gives it precision and detail, but he does not care whether the particular scene has its place in the general economy of the book; he incorporates it without any hesitation. I admit, however, that such luxury has its value. Rarely does contemporary literature give us an impression of such abundance, and it would perhaps be a pity if the author of *Les Loups* carved his narrative like a tree trunk.

The most remarkable character in the entire book is certainly Durban's father-in-law, a certain M. Philéas de la Heaumière, who appears at the Havre the day after his son-in-law's departure and reveals his demoniac

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intents. He was formerly director of the Cayenne prison; Mariette, his wife, was his first victim. 'When Philéas, wearing a light gray top-hat and a maroon jacket, walked along the outer-port, one could not help thinking of a gentleman of the past century. And Mariette could not see this languid walk, this soft light on his fine features, surrounded by an aureole of blond curls, without feeling her heart troubled.' But this beautiful person has the soul of a tyrant, even of a torturer. 'To command these defenseless creatures, to reign over this lovely place, to place heavier chains on anyone who dared express a thought or a desire were an unadulterated joy, a magnificent exaltation.'

The only one he loves is his youngest daughter, Isabelle; toward his wife and other children he plays the tyrant. But nothing can equal his hatred of Jenny, his eldest daughter, the one who will later be Mme Durban. He will even pretend that she is responsible for Isabelle's early death. And when he reappears at the Durban home after many years of silence it is only to take his revenge on Jenny and her daughters. But he hides his game at first, and his granddaughters, who do not know him, rather like him. One day they find M. de la Heaumière counting bundles of bills. He must be very wealthy, they think, and the idea fills them with joy. But he suddenly utters a cry of rage and calls Jenny.

'She did not know what he wanted, but she was sure when she heard that sharp voice calling her, that rapping of the cane against the floor that the man had long premeditated this affair and that he was rejoicing in its realization.' She is carried back to the past, she wears the terrified expression that was hers when he used to chase her with a whip through the enormous house at Cayenne. '"You're unmasked," he cries. "But what's the matter?" she whispers. "I have done you no harm."' He slaps her, and her daughters come to her rescue, pounce on him, and thrash him. No matter. '"Thief!" he cries, pointing his cane at Jenny. "You stole two thousand-franc notes from my drawer."' They demand proof. He refuses to answer. Since his lie can be proved even less easily than the theft, he is master of the situation. From that moment on, he establishes a rule of terror over these frightened women. He threatens that, if they do not obey him, he will write to his son-in-law and reveal what he calls the truth. And since Elisabeth Durban, Didier Jabourg's fiancée, has become quite involved with Benoît, Didier's brother, M. de la Heaumière has another weapon, which he uses with the utmost dexterity. In reality, he tries to throw Elisabeth at Benoît's mercy because he is convinced that Benoît will lead her to ruin. The entire story, which may seem unreal, is told with the most remarkable sureness, and we await its further developments with curiosity.

In the third volume the sailor, Jean-Marie, who absolutely worships the captain, will probably become the hero. His rôle in the second volume is already important, for he is at the bottom of the plot that the children of Brandouaine, the chief mechanic, weave about their mother, an infamous shrew, and that ends in a fire, in which the woman loses her life. Brandouaine himself is a weakling and a mediocre person, and it is his negligence that causes the shipwreck.

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I have been able to do no more than indicate the supple bond that holds together the various elements of this enormous novel. It is a book that should be read, and I say it the more emphatically because I accuse myself of having been over-sensitive toward the faults of *Les Loups* and of having partly underestimated the creative power that it unquestionably revealed.

L'INSTINCT DU BONHEUR. *By André Maurois. Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1934.*

TELS QUE NOUS SOMMES. *By Gaston Rageot. Paris: Plon. 1934.*

(André Thérive in the *Temps*, Paris)

THE epigraph on André Maurois's last novel is a sentence by François Mauriac in which he says that the instinct of preservation applies to happiness as well as to life. That is not an unusual truth, for the moral being is as jealous of its existence as its physical counterpart. Furthermore, the story that Maurois tells us is not as profound as it might seem. He simply describes the case of a bourgeois family that prefers to keep a disagreeable fact secret, that tries to forget it even within its own circle, a family to which this benumbing of scruples and hatreds represents a definite material interest. This circumstance rather embarrasses me, for the problem does not arise in its purest state. It also shows that the author did not try to prove anything but respected the various elements that life presents.

If I tell you that the Romillys, wealthy landowners in the Périgord, came from Pont-de-l'Eure, that they know the Quesnays and the Schmitts and all the characters in the *Cercle de famille*, you will understand that M. Maurois has connected his new book with the cycle that preceded it. Valentine Romilly has transplanted her husband from Normandy to Dordogne because their marriage was criticized and she wanted to start life anew. She had formerly owned a dress shop in Paris and was forced to take as protector a wealthy and respectable gentleman from Lyon named Martin-Bussières. Her daughter Colette was born from this liaison, though she later attributed her to Gaston Romilly, her only love and the man who finally married her. All would have been well were not this couple now fifty years old and were not Colette engaged to André de Saviniac, the offspring of noblemen, who would look askance at their daughter-in-law's legal status.

With the aid of an old lady, the queen of provincial society and a fierce marriage-maker, the de Saviniacs are prevailed upon to accept a large dowry in the place of honor, but they think that they can frighten the young girl by telling her that she is illegitimate. She knew it all along, however, from what servants said, and she belongs to a generation that has no use for such prejudice. The same is true of her fiancé.

No sooner is this difficulty solved than a new storm breaks. The true father, Martin-Bussières, decides to die and leaves his fortune to Colette. This time Romilly will have to be told that he was duped. But it seems that he knows all about it, too, but he is no less fond of the young girl than if she were his own. Furthermore, he holds his wife in esteem and is genuinely devoted to her. Must

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everything be upset? No, for Romilly explains his philosophy of silence, and life goes on. Colette will inherit the money, but we are not told how she will receive it nor how her future in-laws will take to this sudden increase in the dowry. Since money has so many tonic and soothing virtues that make for resignation and the reënforcement of happiness, the conflict we have is not as noble as it first seemed.

Another detail embarrasses me in this well-constructed novel. Nothing that we know about Martin-Bussières could lead us to believe that he would wish to cause a scandal after his death. Was father love so strong in this man who had a home in Lyon, a reputation, an independent life? Did this conventionalist want to startle society with a scandal? M. Maurois should have made his character clearer. Otherwise his will is nothing but a romantic postulate.

Had *The Instinct of Happiness* been published but sixty years ago, it would have appeared to be a thesis novel, a vibrant appeal, or a passionate call to justice. To-day it can pretend to do no more than illustrate a small psychological truth. M. Henry Bordeaux in two of his novels preached the adoption of the illegitimate child. André Maurois stages a sweet and peaceful fraud. He tells us at one point that Valentine Romilly was 'disarmed by happiness.' His characters wish to remain disarmed. The same woman also confesses that a priest told her to hide the truth, since well-founded lies help to maintain order. We have traveled a long way indeed from the romantic period.

M. Gaston Rageot could place his novel, *Such As We Are*, in the file reserved for sincerity's crimes. But this work proves, above all else, that men of letters are dangerous lovers. Pierre, the hero, is supposed to be a famous author, a novelist and a moralist, which explains the purely intellectual tone of his diary. In this intimate journal he tells us the story of his liaison with Emmie, a very modern and a very emancipated young girl, who one day discovers this unfortunate document. She is amazed to see the picture that this mature man, this great psychologist, has drawn of her. He sees her according to his general notion of women—not very intellectual, of course, frivolous, untruthful, with no memory and therefore no fidelity. It has caused him genuine suffering, and it has driven him to seek consolation elsewhere, especially with a middle-aged lady who is able to help him socially. He reproached Emmie for not being consumed by her passion for him, and yet he knew that love is always a stranger to the character and the deeper personality of a human being—'just as the flood is a stranger to the landscape.' The author judges his character objectively and admits that he often dropped into a sort of pedantry, that he theorized too much. In short, he was a man.

The second panel of the diptych shows Emmie trying to justify herself by a long confession, which will be put to use when she breaks off with her lover. But the portrait that she gives us of herself is not worth the one that we are able to draw by watching her write. She was devoted, intelligent, though in another way, and she hid her constancy under a mask of frivolity. She was subject to the influence and the tyranny of the male

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spirit. The more she tried to hide it from herself, the more serious the misunderstanding became. But Pierre fell victim to the subterfuge of pride, and we cannot doubt the touching details that Emmie gives us on her own gentleness, on her resignation before a master who could not understand these traits. On the contrary, the more she conformed to his demands, the more fluctuating he found her. She was patient, and he thought her absent-minded. She was jealous, and he considered her a nuisance. All her natural and acquired qualities either exceeded or did not come up to his desires. No one has ever expressed with greater finesse the fundamental misunderstanding between two human beings who love each other.

This book, which is quite short, might have been cold, since both documents are constantly interrupted by comments from the author and are surrounded by more vivid narrative, which, however, takes but little space. But M. Rageot's quickness of mind is remarkable. Everything he does sparkles with truth and picturesqueness. The representation of manners does not take the usual form, but it is implicit, complete, and very bold. The book could easily have become a psychological novel written in the manner of 1890, well built, firmly cemented, with five acts or major happenings and numerous descriptive and analytical digressions.

But I am forced to admit that the tone of these two diaries is not always convincing. One feels that in reality they would be more precise, more cynical, and especially more trivial. There would be a sprinkling of proper names, well known to those who write the diary though obscure to us, but they would give us an impression of naïve authenticity that cannot be replaced. In a work of this kind one would have to go to extreme imitation in order really to move the reader. The pathetic and the comical demand it, if one wants to carry them out to the end.

And the very fact that the hero is a man of letters prevents him from being absolutely sincere. He describes his life for his own purposes. It's natural, but it's too bad. Emmie tells her lover that at first she thought him rather 'nice,' that is to say, simple and like all the other men, but that later, especially after all her lies, she developed toward him 'a corporative distrust.' Had she known his coldness when he learned that she read his diary and wanted to shed a clearer light on their conflict before leaving him, the pen would have slipped from her fingers. The juxtaposition of masculine and feminine truths serves only to intensify their duality.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

LACTIC ACID, for many years the scapegoat of physiologists, dietitians, and medical men, has recently been assigned a new rôle in the drama of vital processes: that of a protector against decay and a preserver of the equilibrium whose ultimate defeat we know as death. An authoritative and readable account of these new discoveries in biochemical science is to be found in a small volume entitled *Vitality*, by Dr. Boris Sokoloff, formerly professor of Experimental Medicine at Lesgaft's University, member of the Petrograd Institute of Science, and a specialist in cancer research.

Ever since the discovery in 1807 by the Swedish chemist Berzelius of lactic acid as a by-product of the animal organism, it had been supposed that this powerful and ubiquitous chemical was a form of waste resulting from the conversion of blood sugar in consequence of energy expenditure. Subsequently, the great Virchow demonstrated that not only the bulk tissues produced lactic acid but that every one of the billions upon billions of cells in the animal body fabricated it. 'From this it follows,' to quote Dr. Sokoloff, 'that every human being, so long as he is alive, is a factory for the making of lactic acid . . . The tiniest movement of a muscle, or even a strain that gives no outer appearance of motion, is accompanied by the formation of lactic acid in the body and the release of energy in the sense in which a physicist uses the word.'

WHAT IS lactic acid? Chemically, it is a member of the enormously versatile carbon family of substances without whose activities no form of life would be possible. Its molecule is composed of 3 atoms of carbon, 6 of hydrogen, and 3 of oxygen: not a very formidable arrangement at first sight and to the organic chemist a relatively simple affair (some carbon substances may contain thousands of atoms). The manner of its formation, according to the latest researches as described by Dr. Sokoloff, is somewhat as follows: the muscles of a human (or other) body are full of a substance known as glycogen, chemically related to starch. Any exertion breaks down this glycogen into lactic acid and another very important substance known as phosphocreatin, the process being accompanied by the production of great quantities of body heat, from which we obtain the sensation of energy. Most of the actual energy used up in subsequent muscular contraction is supplied by the latter substance, which itself breaks down into phosphoric acid and creatin.

AT THIS POINT we are introduced to the revolutionary discoveries of the Danish scientist, Lundsgaard. In 1930, as a result of certain careful experiments with muscular activity, Lundsgaard was able to state that, contrary to the hitherto accepted view, lactic acid was not, in itself, an absolute condition for energy expenditure in the form of muscular contraction: this, he showed, came directly from the splitting of the phosphocreatin into its component substances. The lactic acid formed by excessive or prolonged activity is absorbed by the organism in huge quantities, for the purpose of energizing the relaxation. In other words, lactic acid plays the rôle of a brake upon the organism: if we work too much, exercise too violently, or are pushed physiologically beyond our capacity, the increasing amounts of lactic acid, through the increasing demands for oxygen for its proper control, produce fatigue. Physiological fatigue, from this standpoint, is simply a warning that the human machine is being driven beyond its strength; lactic acid is the chemical responsible both for

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the warning and for the subsequent recovery in relaxation.

One of the most important practical consequences of this knowledge is to be found in the University of Physical Culture established in Petrograd by Peter Lesgaft, some 20 years before Lundsgaard's discoveries were made. Today thousands of teachers of physical culture, graduated from this pioneer institution, are applying in Soviet Russia Lesgaft's carefully worked-out theories of exercise. As a trained anatomist with a thorough knowledge of the human muscular system Lesgaft insisted that correct exercise involved two things: the harmonious development of every muscle and the avoidance of fatigue. Despite his ignorance of the true function of lactic acid and merely through observation of children, it became evident to this Russian scientist that the intense muscular specialization so highly prized by the modern sports-enthusiast disturbs the fundamental balance of physiological processes and that the mere fact of weariness or exhaustion constituted the severest indictment of the exercise or work that brought it about. Furthermore, he noted that—as Dr. Sokoloff writes—'any sort of one-sidedness in muscular development, accompanied by intense strain, without relaxation and causing fatigue, produces in children psychological deviations'—thus to a great extent accounting for various types of neurotic and mental disturbances occurring, apparently without cause, later in life.

'The modern crowd,' continues our author (who must have witnessed, or read about, some of the extraordinary 'marathons' of American sports-fanatics), 'through an obvious misconception, admires the so-called athletic figure in which some one group of muscles is predominantly developed. This admiration is born of ignorance and lack of proper æsthetic education. Nothing can be more ugly and unwholesome than over- or under-development in any given set of muscles.'

A MAJOR PROBLEM, on which Dr. Sokoloff touches, is that of the amount of lactic acid that an animal organism can safely hold. A man weighing 150 pounds registers, when in full repose, about 10 grams of lactic acid; in a condition of moderate activity this amount runs up to 100 grams and over—a tenfold increase with further increases under proper conditions of from 30 to 40 times the resting figure. That lactic acid is not in itself necessarily dangerous appears to have been shown by experiments on young mice, which showed no ill effects from a week's dosing with relatively large quantities. In fact, these mice gained appreciably in weight over the control group, which had received its normal diet; whether these gains would, in the end, turn out harmfully was not stated.

The expression, 'acid-base equilibrium' (designated by the symbol pH), relates to one of the most significant factors in the preservation of health and vitality. Within the organism countless chemical and physical processes are going on, each of which, if uncorrected by the appropriate gland or cell activity, would result in an excess toward the acid or alkaline side. Stability is an absolute essential of vital activity, and its preservation is to a very large degree the maintenance of this pH balance.

MOST OF US have heard the expressions 'acidosis,' 'acid stomach,' 'get over on the alkaline side' (the latter, by the way, turns out to be a predisposing condition for cancer) used mostly in connection with dietary fads and fancies. The assumption here is that trick drugs and foods can alter one of the most deep-seated and physiologically complicated mechanisms of the human body. Nothing is further from the truth. Biochemists and research physicians have come to understand that the acid-base equilibrium of the living organism cannot be influenced permanently by artificial changes in diet or by drugs. For example, if a doctor seeks

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to increase a patient's alkaline content by prescribing large quantities of sodium bicarbonate, the organism retaliates at once by developing corresponding quantities of lactic acid, not only restoring the former pH but, in some instances, having exactly the opposite effect from that intended. Experiments with human diet give the same results. In Santa Barbara the much-advertised 'anti-acid' properties of orange juice were investigated by responsible biochemists; it was determined that, in order to cause even a moderately noticeable (and purely transient) increase in alkalinity of the plasm, 18 pounds of oranges would have to be consumed. Not even a temporary shift in the alkali reserve was produced by the ingestion of either one quart of milk, one quart of orange juice, or one pound of bananas; a pound of steak slightly decreased the alkalinity in only one out of four individuals. The same is true on the acid side: to increase moderately the acid content of the blood plasm required the ingestion of either 4½ pounds of lean beef or 2 pounds of oysters.

HOW, THEN, inquires Dr. Sokoloff, can we actually 'improve upon nature'? The older theories that an alkaline reaction in the blood, tissues, and urine was beneficial to the organism are now modified beyond recognition. In the first place, it has been established that the fermentation processes within the body—those that tend to weaken the organism or render it more liable to infection—are intensified in an alkaline environment and that our good friend, lactic acid, by neutralizing this condition, arrests the fermentative processes, reduces the danger of infection—in general, acts as a bodyguard to the organism.

Secondly, the theory that old age was associated with a progressive increase of acidity in the tissues, joints, blood vessels, etc. has been discredited, together with the interpretation of arteriosclerosis as an acid-determined malady. Careful observation has shown that senescence is accompanied by a perceptible lessening of the acid-content with a corresponding increase in the alkali reserves. Remembering that vital energy is definitely a function of processes that involve the formation of generous supplies of lactic acid and also that this substance is known to play an enormously important rôle in the safeguarding of the body against disease and infection, it is not difficult to understand two of the principal symptoms of old age: rapid fatigue and susceptibility to numerous ailments—of which cancer is one of the most dreaded.

Thirdly, the treatment of 'acidosis' on the assumption that it is caused by an excess of lactic acid in the system is considered valueless for the simple reason that lactic acid has been found not to be responsible for this condition. Experiments conducted at Yale by a group of biochemists and physiologists have shown that acidosis results primarily from a lack of oxygen and from poisoning through by-products of metabolism.

UPON WHAT FOOD does the brain subsist, and to what extent may we attribute mental abnormality to simple deficiencies in this food? This question, so easily asked and of such major importance for all the activities of *homo sapiens*, seems also to be approaching an answer through biochemistry. Dr. Sokoloff in a brief, but illuminating, discussion of 'the fuel of the brain' tells us that here, also, lactic acid plays, not only a leading, but possibly essential rôle. 'The brain,' he states, condensing the results of elaborate investigations carried on at Yale; 'requires only two chemical elements, the simplest and at the same time the most active, namely, lactic acid and oxygen. By means of the oxygen the lactic acid is burned up. And thus the brain, nourished exclusively on these two elements, exists, works, and guides the functions of the entire body.'

This fact, in itself so startling (it is further evidence of the remarkable econ-

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omy of means by which nature appears to gain the most complicated ends), acquires further significance when it is recalled that the principal source of lactic acid is the muscles. Thus, again, and from the standpoint of everything that we prize most highly in civilization,—culture, the arts, spiritual and intellectual 'values',—the dominance of the human species, both individually and in its social forms, depends upon the correct interaction within that 'bloody sponge' we call the brain of three chemical elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. A further corollary, and one on which the brilliant American surgeon, Dr. G. W. Crile, has elaborated in his recent monograph on the diseases of civilized man, is this: *the brain defends only itself*. Whatever happens in the rest of the organism, however mutinous, diseased, and imperiled our bodies may be, this astounding instrument, which steals its nourishment from our muscles and from the atmosphere, goes its own way, a superb and, so far as it can afford to be, ruthless egoist.

The experiments mentioned above have shown also that, when the bodily processes fail to develop sufficient amounts of lactic acid, the brain commences to fabricate this chemical by converting reserve supplies of sugar, thus enabling physically handicapped genius to continue with its labors. The physiological distinction between the 'white' and the 'gray' matter of the brain is also of significance here, for we learn that the latter has a far higher capacity for oxidizing (burning) lactic acid than the former—in figures, about four times as great. Should this gray matter need additional supplies, the white matter —which is physiologically related to the substance that fills our spinal cord—is stimulated to produce it through the conversion of glucose (sugar).

One reason for this dependence of the brain upon lactic acid is indicated by a reference to certain poisonous by-products of metabolism known as ketones. These toxins, formed largely in the liver and muscles, are most effectively neutralized by burning up lactic acid; as their effect upon the brain and its activities would be very serious, it thus becomes more clear why the food of this organ should be precisely those substances that best immunize against the ketones. The same protection, of course, is made available to the nerves. 'There is no doubt,' states one authority, 'about the beneficial effect of lactic acid on a poisoned nerve . . . the formation of lactic acid is normally of functional importance and enables the nerve to perform long hours of continuous function.'

'THE VITALITY OF MAN,' concludes Dr. Sokoloff, 'is extraordinarily great . . . The potential energy of man is immeasurably larger than the amount he expends in his whole lifetime. *Its sources are inexhaustible* . . . But this vitality is confined to the rigid frame of actuality only because of the law of self-limitation.'

For this supreme advantage, and for the immense versatility associated with it, the human species pays a heavy penalty through its susceptibility to the most ravaging and subtle diseases. Physiologically as well as politically, the slogan 'Divide and rule,' whatever power it may bring, implies ceaseless risk, with no quarter given or received.

—Harold Ward

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Two Russians on America

WRITING in the *Literaturnaia Gazeta* G. Munblit describes two new books on the United States that have just appeared in Moscow, one by the novelist, Boris Pilniak, the other by the head of the Stalingrad Tractor Factory:—

Two men, Pilniak, the writer, and Schoenman, the engineer, went to America and both wrote books about what they had seen. The writer wrote an American novel called *O.K.*, the engineer, a book of essays entitled *What I Saw in America, What I Did in the U. S. S. R.* We may as well admit at the outset that the engineer became a writer and the writer ceased to be one.

The first thing that strikes us is the choice of material. Schoenman is æsthetically sensitive, and, consequently, he chooses his subjects artistically. His book tells of the things we need, and we may conclude from reading it that the United States contains many such things. As for Pilniak, his subject matter is the triviality and stupidity that permeate contemporary American life, and the disgust that these things awaken in him is due to lack of understanding and his inability to discriminate between the capitalist system, which should be destroyed, and the capitalist techniques, which should be assimilated. We can formulate the theme of Schoenman's book as follows: 'All the best things that I saw in America have been created by the proletariat and should belong to it. See all the wonderful things that we must learn how to make.' Pilniak went to America with one idea. 'This is capitalism. This must be destroyed.' Pilniak thinks that an elaborate mode of life standardizes man and enslaves him. Schoenman is convinced that it frees him, makes him more capable of creative work, gayer, more inclined toward an æsthetic conception of the world. This question is very important, and its correct solution will illuminate the struggle that is now being carried on by the Soviet proletariat. It is obvious that Schoenman's solution is correct. It is obvious that mechanized work and a meticulously planned life under our conditions will free man, serve his individuality, and open boundless possibilities for his development.

Capitalism could not exploit its own achievement. Under the capitalist system the means of production inevitably became the weapon for class war. Does that mean that the proletariat is to consider itself the enemy of the material values capitalism created? Not at all. Yet Pilniak says: 'Automobiles make a noise, as is well known, even if they are Rolls-Royces, and every second these noises penetrate the buildings and human nerves.

'The radio is sheer suffering.

'The roads sucked us in. They were all alike from ocean to ocean. Nothing but nature changed. Everywhere was the same gasoline. Everywhere were the same lunches and dinners and the same hotels.

'In New York you don't breath air but gasoline fumes, the filth of machines and locomotives.

'The St. Moritz Hotel is the last word in electric technique, so much so that I did not dare touch the door knobs for fear of being electrocuted.'

True enough. Automobiles do make a noise, and they unquestionably have a certain effect on the nervous system. Radio broadcasts in America, almost entirely made up of advertisements, are essentially boring. Good roads are much more apt to be alike than bad roads. The air in New York is not exceptionally fresh. Careless electrification does indeed

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produce those strange effects that Pilniak writes about.

But what is the purpose of all this description? What does the author want to prove? If he is attempting to say that capitalism should be destroyed, then he has chosen unfortunate examples. If he is attempting to show the superiority of nature over civilization, then his examples are unfair. But the author attempted neither the one thing nor the other. He simply described what he saw. He drew no conclusions; he had no purpose. He wrote his book for the fun of it.

The book is built on the following plan. The beginning and the end are given over to a description of how an American flag that a woman once gave to Washington was passed on in 1931 to the Detroit section of the Communist Party by the great-granddaughter of the same woman. This extraordinary fact could have been the starting point for a narrative on the rôle of the Communist Party in American life, but this possibility was not used. In the entire book there is not a single mention of the American Communist Party. There is no connection between the various parts of Pilniak's novel. Even the chronology is confused. He tells us at the very end about what happened in the beginning. Digressions on American history crop up often and unexpectedly without any connection to the main thread of the narrative.

At this point let us turn to Schoenman's book. Its organization is very simple. He came to America to learn certain things, which he later applied in his work as the head of the Stalingrad Tractor Factory, and half his book on America is a chronological narrative in which the simplest observations lead to the most careful analyses and conclusions. In this book the reader follows the author, becomes acquainted with America, and is finally able to understand such complex organisms as Ford's factory. The entire work is devoted to a single purpose—to learn and to conquer.

Pilniak's book contains many stories, but they tell us of casual acquaintances, of accidental meetings. Neither those whom the author meets nor those who travel with him are connected in any way with his own life. He merely talks to them, and, since their themes are purely accidental, the humanity within them is never clearly exposed to the reader. Schoenman tells us about the Americans with whom he came in contact, and their human characteristics are revealed through close association in work and daily life. All the characters in his book talk of one thing—America and the U. S. S. R.; their point of view becomes clear and three-dimensional because Schoenman never fails to illuminate the connection between their ideas and their rôle in American life.

Not much can be said about Schoenman's language. It is plain, grammatical, correct. The author wants to be brief and has but one purpose, to be clearly understood. His style is in no sense literary, but Pilniak's, extraordinary and complicated as it is, can never equal the simple language of Schoenman.

Let's be sincere, Comrade Pilniak. I came to this decision at the beginning of my article: you wrote your book without seriously thinking how a Soviet writer should fight capitalism. You thought that empty passion was the correct tone to describe its emptiness and anachronism. Quoting Marx and Lenin you did not understand how important it is for the proletariat to exploit the best achievements of bourgeois culture. You forgot Stalin's axiom that revolutionary fervor must be combined with American efficiency. In attempting to make clear to yourself and your reader the reality that is American life you were satisfied with this sententious statement: 'The basis of America to-day is people, time, the American Constitution, the position of America on the globe, and the land of America itself.' And, finally, having stayed in America long enough and

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having seen many things, you assert that the most wonderful things in the entire country are the cactus desert and Niagara Falls. You traveled over America without the leading thread that shows the way to a proletarian who wishes to understand the world. That is why you were not able, Comrade Pilniak, to see in America what should be seen, to understand what must be understood, and to prove what should be proved. You ceased to be a writer in this book, and you became a publicist. I compared your book with Schoenman's to show the basis of creative writing in our country.

'Does that mean that our writers must be engineers?' you will ask. No, but an engineer who has a thoughtful and a just view of the world is far superior to a writer who has not.

Keynes on America

SHORTLY after the American press had deliberately played down the visit of John Maynard Keynes to Washington where he conferred with the President, the London *Times* ran an article on the New Deal by the celebrated British economist. As an exponent of government spending, Mr. Keynes found the Roosevelt policies much more to his taste than those of his own country, and, after he had returned to Great Britain, he wrote this letter to the *Times* pointing out the progress that the United States had made in the direction of recovery:—

Sir,

I should be grateful if you would allow me to supplement briefly my notes on the economic position in the United States, which you published on June 11 last. In particular, I have now obtained a more exact computation of the rate of the net loan expenditure of the Treasury.

The United States budget is by no means so heavily unbalanced as the crude figures suggest, the ordinary budget being in fact fully balanced, including a substantial sinking fund ($600,000,000) for the redemption of debt, while a considerable proportion of the emergency expenditure is represented by more or less valuable capital assets, much of it being merely refinancing and the substitution of one document for another. I believe, however, that the following table gives a fairly accurate impression of the rate of government expenditure not covered by taxation, which gives rise to new purchasing. These totals are arrived at by taking a three-month moving average (so that the figure against any month is the average for that and the two preceding months) of the expenditures that clearly lead to new incomes, plus the excess of payments to farmers in any month over the corresponding processing taxes (or minus the deficiency), plus a half of the advances that, in the first instance, increase liquidity rather than new purchasing.

Month	Millions of Dollars
September, 1933	102
October	123
November	158
December	231
January, 1934	369
February	422
March	435
April	348
May	311

The statistics for the first half of June indicate that the figure for June calculated on the same basis will be in the neighborhood of $300,000,000. Nor, on the information available, should I expect the three-month moving average to fall appreciably below $300,000,000 for the present, while there is some hope of an increase by the late summer. To indicate the order of magnitude of these figures, I may mention that $100,000,000 a month is about 3 per cent of the national income.

Admittedly there is at the present time

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some recession in factory output in the United States, due partly to seasonal influences, partly to the falling away of government expenditure as shown in the above table, and partly to business optimism in the first quarter of 1934 having encouraged industry, particularly in the case of textiles and automobiles, to provide for a somewhat larger effective demand than is in fact maturing to-day. But I should doubt if this recession will go very far, since a mere continuance of the present rate of government loan expenditure should gradually provide more stimulus than has yet been experienced. For Americans have not unnaturally used much of their first increment of income to repay debts of all kinds rather than to keep rolling the ball of new purchasing.

Both here and in the United States I have found a tendency to underestimate the extent of the American recovery up to date as compared with the recovery in this country. One has to remember, of course, that the American recovery started from a much lower point than ours. There is also the difficulty that the only satisfactory American index of employment is confined to industrial employment in factories and does not include building, transportation, or distribution. It is possible, however, to arrive at certain broad conclusions. In both countries a peak of unemployment was reached in January, 1933. Since that date the increase in the number of men employed in Great Britain as shown by our own statistics is almost exactly 10 per cent, two-thirds of this improvement having occurred in 1933 and one-third in the first five months of 1934. There can be no doubt that the percentage improvement in the United States greatly exceeds this. Factory employment shows an increase exceeding 40 per cent between January, 1933, and May, 1934, and it would, I think, be generally agreed that a more comprehensive index would show an improvement in excess of 25 per cent. Even more notable is the increase in the factory pay rolls, which have increased over the same period by fully 70 per cent. I should suppose that the American national income must have increased by at least 12 to 15 per cent in 1933 and probably by a further 12 to 15 per cent in the first half of 1934, which is a colossal achievement in the time.

Different authorities will differ in their estimates of the relations of cause and effect. But the above figures may perhaps help all alike to see the matter in a more accurate perspective. The exaggerated improvement during the first three months of office of the new Administration, based almost entirely on psychological excitement and not on real factors, which was inevitably followed by a steep recession, has tended to obscure the extent of the ground gained over the period up to date, taken as a whole.

If we take the average of the pre-boom years, 1923–25, as 100, the schematic picture, which I see in my own mind, of the rate of progress of the American economy toward normal, after smoothing out the excessive rise and subsequent fall in the middle of 1933, is—very broadly—as follows:—

	1933	1934
1st quarter	63	79
2nd quarter	67	83
3rd quarter	71	—
4th quarter	75	—

I feel that the maintenance of existing policies might continue this rate of a quarterly rise of four points during the rest of 1934. But I cannot see how 1935 can achieve a figure of 95 and better unless the United States enjoys the two advantages that mainly explain the measure of improvement achieved in this country—namely, a large reduction in the long-term rate of interest and a high degree of activity in the building industry.

Your obedient servant,

J. M. KEYNES

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

broadcasts entitled 'Time to Spare,' which aroused so much emotion that the Government, which controls all radio programmes, was rumored to be planning to discontinue it. Be this as it may, we suspect that it will be a cold day when Lucky Strike, General Motors, or any American station would allow such home truths to get on the air in preference to Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, or Rudy Vallée.

BUT Professor Soddy, who won the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1921, has a remedy for the situation that Mrs. Pallis describes. As the author of *Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt*, published in the United States two years ago by E. P. Dutton, Mr. Soddy established himself as one of the few original thinkers on economics in our century, and he has since vaguely identified himself with Major Douglas's Social Credit group, although his own solution of the money problem differs from theirs. Whether or not the world-wide depression can be conjured away by revolutionizing our credit and currency system, these reflections by one of the outstanding scientific intelligences of our time merit respect and attention.

FOR our fiction we have again sought out untrodden ways and offer two short stories about marriage in modern China. The tale of the Manchurian wedding is a purely imaginative affair and expresses the point of view of its Communist authors toward a weak-minded representative of the Chinese middle class. Pierre Mille's account of young Mr. Yu's affairs of the heart is based on the experiences of a French doctor in China, who is less impressed than the Russian Communists are with the extent of the changes that western influences have wrought in that part of the world.

RAÚL SCALABRINI ORTIZ will be remembered as the author of 'The Man from Buenos Aires,' an excerpt from his best selling book, *El Hombre que esta solo y espera*, that appeared in our January, 1934, issue. This month he writes for the German public about the rise of economic nationalism in Argentina and tells what has happened there since 1929.

WE ALSO present a first-hand account of recent events in Spain written by a native for foreign consumption. Joaquin Maurin's article on 'Spain between Revolutions' makes the point that since the election victory of the conservative parties last November all the radical groups have been gaining ground outside parliament.

THREE of our 'Persons and Personages' articles deal with men who have figured in recent news dispatches from Germany —Goebbels, Cardinal Faulhaber, and General von Blomberg, Hitler's probable successor as number-one man. An intimate picture of Mussolini drawn by a fine Italian hand completes the department.

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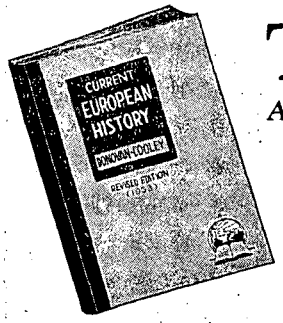

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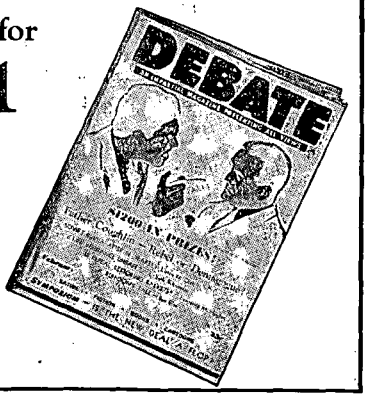

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